

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.  
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LIEUTENANT (NOW MAJOR) GRANT, WOUNDED IN THE MANIPUR FIGHTING, CARRIED BACK TO TUMMU.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The gift of "seeing ourselves as others see us" is not, we are told, a common one, but actors unquestionably possess it. They study beforehand in the looking-glass the effect they will presently produce upon the spectators, and "make up" with that object. The Lord Chamberlain, however, has forbidden them to give the "counterfeit presentments" of eminent personages on the stage, upon the ground, perhaps, that they are not desirous of reaping the advantage described by the poet. How much more, then, should he forbid an unfavourable delineation of their moral character? In an interview described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with the gentleman who has been playing the Templar in "Ivanhoe" are the following remarks:—"In my 'make-up,'" he says, "I indicate a man of action, passionate and voluptuous, by an almost vertical line in the hollow under the eye. . . As my baser passions more and more rule me, you will notice that I accentuate this." Now, supposing—I say supposing, but I *know* the man—any gentleman has these lines by nature, this statement must needs be very detrimental to his character. In the case I have in my mind they would be in part, at all events, distinctly libellous. He may be "passionate and voluptuous," but he is not a man of action: he goes about in four-wheeled cabs. "As my ruling passions get the upper hand, the brain consumes the body and I grow thin." Now, this man is "growing thin," but he protests that it has nothing to do with his ruling passion, which is, if possible, to grow plump. "By the use of high light over the forehead I convey an impression that the skin is tightening over the eyes. . . and a point marks the receding of the eye as the man 'goes inward.'" An offensive observation is not the less objectionable because one does not understand it, and my man contends that, though his skin is tightening over the eyes, he is not, to the best of his belief, "going inward," inasmuch as there is no room for him there—"no room inside," as used to be written on the coaches. What makes this description especially obnoxious to my man is that the only part of it which is at all complimentary cannot possibly apply to him. "The crowning piece of my make-up is the hair, which, being closely curled, gives the necessary severity to the features"—that is, the military air, so suitable to the Templar. Now, my man would like well enough to have a military air, but his hair does not curl, nor, indeed, has he enough of it left to do so. It is obvious that he has a very substantial grievance against the gentleman who has thus traduced his personal appearance, and imputed to his perfectly respectable features an immoral character.

The coaching inns with which our ancestors were "familiar," and certainly "welcome," are things of the past. The great North Road, and all the other roads, can show many a once favourite house fallen from its high estate and guestless, save for the passing cyclist—a poor substitute indeed for the spanking four-in-hands, with their "insides" and their "outsides," which were wont to patronise them of old. Through a town of moderate size in the neighbourhood of which I lived in my youth, more than sixty coaches were wont to pass in the twenty-four hours, and the largest house in the place was the inn. The railroad ruined it. For some years the few travellers who passed that way gazed at it with wondering eyes, astonished to find such princely accommodation in so insignificant a spot. Then the furniture was sold—those fine old posters and the warming-pan that warmed them among it—and then, like some body from which "life and thought have gone away," and through whose staring windows we perceive "the nakedness and vacancy" within, it fell into decay. These huge relics of the past, monsters who have outlived their time, stand on every road as though to warn mankind against investing money in hotels; and yet, I suppose, hotels—though of quite another kind—were never so prosperous. The very depression of the landed interest has given them position and increased their importance. They are no longer on the roadside (which the altered conditions of travel render unnecessary), but are often set in fine grounds and even parks. Many "county families" find themselves unable to "keep up" their ancestral homes, and are glad to dispose of them even to a hotel company. Never had the ordinary tourist such opportunities of inhabiting a country residence, for a term that he can make short or long, according to his pleasure or the limits of his purse. Of late years more than one royal residence—or, at all events, residences that have been inhabited by members of the royal family—have been made into hotels, within the immediate neighbourhood of London. From an advertisement in the papers, I see that "that historic mansion Storrs Hall," on Windermere, is now open to visitors. Its associations are not "historic," so far as I know, but they are literary. We are told that "the steamers will call at the private pier," an announcement which will not be so gratifying to everybody as it doubtless is to the advertiser. It was from that private pier that the most famous flotilla, so far as its carriage of men of genius is concerned, that ever sailed once joined the regatta on Windermere. Scott and Wordsworth and Canning were all on board of it, the guests of hospitable Mr. Bolton of Storrs Hall, and the commander of the fleet was Christopher North. He has described the scene, as has De Quincey also, each in his own brilliant style. The master of Storrs, though in no way connected with letters himself, was never so well pleased as when entertaining the poets in the spot perhaps more admired by poets than any in England. And now, it seems, the tourist is going to be at Storrs instead of the poet: one hopes he will enjoy himself, yet somehow one regrets the change.

That when an invention is good it is usual to keep it to ourselves, and jealously to guard against the introduction of alien claims to it, would be an admitted fact in human nature but for the commercial prospectuses which all of us get by

post every morning. By them it is proved that men are both noble and unselfish, and when they can secure certain fortunes for themselves only seek to share it, not alone with their friends, but with entire strangers. But in literature, unhappily, this desire is not so marked: even the originality of an idea is defended with pertinacious egotism—when the venture to which it gave birth has resulted in success, though, if in failure, there is a more modest reticence. Since dear Mr. *Punch* has celebrated his reign of fifty years, not very much less than fifty persons have claimed the honour of his paternity. For my own part, I have only known four individuals who have positively assured me, with much particularity of detail, that they were the authors of his being, but I have no doubt the other forty-six (or so) are equally trustworthy. Contemporary evidence in the matter is getting rare (and poor Toby can't speak), but still the circumstances happened only fifty years ago. What reliance, then, can be placed on statements concerning things five hundred years old, which are (humorously) termed history?

A well-known dramatic author is going to have a theatre of his own—not his only resemblance to Shakspeare, let us hope, though "the divine William" had but a share in "The Globe" playhouse. Upon the whole, this is as good an example of giving one's genius the best possible chance as it is possible to conceive. For when a play fails, it is, as the author tells us (who surely ought to know), invariably the fault of the players. I have written an admirable play myself, and would produce it to-morrow but for doubts of its having justice done it (there may be one or two other reasons besides, but one is enough); and the idea of choosing one's own company—a thing much more difficult in these æsthetic days than one's room—makes my mouth water. To be one's own master, especially if one is married, is rare enough; but to be one's own manager, and to hire fellows—I mean to select the best exponents of the histrionic art, to represent the dramatic offspring of one's Muse, must be indeed (to use a favourite adjective of the poet Calverly) golluptious. It is a luxury, however, that would probably run to a good deal of money. A "tenner" would not be worth mentioning in such an undertaking, I suppose—

Slow rises Worth by Poverty depressed,  
especially on the stage, and the man of limited means must possess his dramatic soul in patience.

"In spite of the attractions, whether scenic or otherwise, with which you credit it," writes a learned correspondent, "whist will never possess the historical or legendary associations with which chess is surrounded. Its very origin is lost in the obscurity of the mist of ages." He goes on to say, however, that the Hindoo legend represents it to have been invented "in the second age of the world" by the wife of Ravana, King of Ceylon, "to amuse her husband with the image of war while Rama was besieging his capital." This seems extraordinarily superfluous—like holding "autumn manoeuvres" when the country is being invaded; and, surely, there is another account of the matter, much more reasonable and poetic. Behub, a young Indian prince, oppressed his subjects in the cruellest manner, and Nassir, a Brahmin, undertook to reform him. With this view he "invented a game, in which the king, powerless himself, is protected only by his subjects, even of the lowest class, and frequently ruined by the loss of a single individual." So delighted was the tyrant with this novel amusement that he offered to remunerate Nassir on his own terms. This gentleman, who was a mathematician, simply asked for a grain of wheat for the first square of the board, two for the second, four for the third, and so on to the sixty-fourth square. Most of us are acquainted with what comes of this from a well-known example in Colenso's Arithmetic; but Behub had never been even to a Board-school; he got into one of his passions at being asked for so small a reward, and was much astonished to find that it represented the value of all Hindostan. He could not pay it, of course, but he made Nassir his Prime Minister in compensation.

A gentleman of eighty-three years of age has just been released from prison at Naples after sixty years' incarceration. In the heyday of his youth—indeed earlier, for he was but fourteen—he killed a couple of priests and, became a brigand, and now boasts that during his "brief but voluptuous" existence in that profession a million of francs passed through his hands. But where he distinguished himself most, and established the great principle that you should never put a murderer to death under any circumstances, was in prison. There he killed another priest, the chaplain, because he importuned him to repentance, an idea especially distasteful to him; and also the dentist of the establishment, because he hurt him in extracting a tooth. Altogether this worthy old gentleman, now happily once more a free man, deserves to have his photograph taken and placed as a frontispiece in the next pamphlet issued by the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Perhaps he may assassinate one of *them* before he has completed his meritorious career, and establish their principles (for the survivors) literally "up to the hilt."

The author of "Robbery under Arms" has had posthumous honours conferred upon him without deserving them. No one can say he was not worthy of praise; but, then, he was not dead, and most people, especially critics, are careful to delay their approbation of an author till he is well out of hearing. Their encomiums, it now appears, were procured under what seems to them false pretences, and they are very angry with Mr. Rolf Boldrewood (as he calls himself) for being alive. A compliment, however, has, at all events, been paid to him which is generally reserved for first-class authors alone, and that only in the recess. Sometimes, when the report of their demise would seem too audacious, rumour is content with their serious indisposition. Dickens tells us in his humorous manner how these periodical paragraphs used to

appear in his case: "This to certify that the undersigned victim of a periodical paragraph disease, which usually breaks out once in seven years (proceeding to England by the overland route from India and per Cunard line to America, where it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and, rebounding to Europe, perishes on the steppes of Russia) is not in a 'critical state of health,' and has not been 'recommended to cease from literary labour.'"

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen left Osborne on July 29 for the purpose of paying a private visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Government House, Portsmouth, previous to the departure of the Duchess for Aix-les-Bains. After taking tea with their Royal Highnesses, her Majesty returned to Osborne in the Alberta the same evening.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Marlborough House, on July 27, on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. Lady Suffield and Major-General Ellis were in attendance.

Prince George of Wales has returned to this country in the gunboat *Thrush*, which he commissioned in the spring of last year.

The Duke of Connaught, after distributing the prizes at the Portsmouth Grammar School on July 24, said there was no warmer supporter of English public schools than himself. He rejoiced to find that it had come to be recognised in English schools that physical recreation was as necessary as intellectual education.

Prince and Princess Christian left London on July 28 on a visit to the German Empress at Felixstowe, travelling in a saloon by the ordinary train. After luncheon with the Empress, they returned to London. The Empress returned the visit the following day.

Mr. W. H. Smith is reported to be improving slowly. He is not yet allowed to leave his room, and is somewhat weak from the long confinement to his house.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, on July 24, distributed the prizes won at the Bisley Meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have left Lowestoft for London. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Drew and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P. Mr. Gladstone shook hands with the Mayor, and said that he had derived great benefit from his visit to Lowestoft, and he hoped to come back again when he was a little older—a remark which caused much amusement.

The Wisbech election has ended in a victory for the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. Arthur Brand, a son of Lord Hampden, Mr. Peel's predecessor in the Speakership. This is a gain of a seat for the Gladstonians; Mr. Brand, who has been carefully working the constituency for two or three years, replacing Captain Selwyn, the late Conservative member. In 1886 this gentleman had a majority of 1087, which has been changed into a Liberal one of 260, or sixty-three less than that secured by the Liberal member, Mr. Rigby, Q.C., in 1885. Mr. Brand is thirty-eight years old, and has had considerable experience of politics. For a short time he took charge of the Liberal Central Office in Parliament Street during the short interregnum which preceded Mr. Schnadhorst's secretaryship of the National Liberal Federation, and he has also served as a Committee Clerk in the House of Commons. His father represented Cambridgeshire for sixteen years.

The ministers and lay representatives constituting the full Conference of Wesleyan Methodists assembled at Nottingham on July 27, and were addressed by the president, the Rev. Dr. Stephenson.

Mr. Spurgeon's condition continues to be critical, but the later bulletins have reported a slight increase of strength, owing to better rest and the taking of nourishment. The strongest public interest continues to be shown in the great preacher's progress. The Prince of Wales, Bishops of the Established Church and of the Episcopal Churches in the States and the Colonies, and men of distinction in every calling have joined in inquiries and expressions of sympathy.

"General" Booth was escorted, on July 25, by a large number of his followers to the steamer *Scot*, in Southampton Water, upon which he embarked for a voyage to the Cape.

The record of the week has been clouded with terrible disasters. Though not so calamitous as the horrifying railway catastrophe at St. Mandé, near Paris, the collapse of four huge "condensers" at Friars Goose Chemical Works, near Gateshead, resulting in the death of seven men, is full of horror. The victims were buried beneath the ruins, and greatly crushed and mutilated. All attempts to extricate them failed; one man, named McCuskin, after lingering some hours, dying before the eyes of the rescue party. McCuskin reflected with grim horror on the slowness of their progress, and cried out, "Are yez on strike?" A pathetic feature of the disaster is that six of the victims were killed in the attempt to rescue the workman who had been buried under the ruin of the first "condenser" which had fallen. There is no satisfactory clue to the cause of the disaster.

The announcement made in Parliament that the French fleet is to visit Portsmouth on its return from Cronstadt—where, according to the *Times*, it will be inspected by the Queen, while the officers will be officially received—has proved acceptable both to the English and the French Press. It takes the edge off the very remarkable reception of the French admiral and fleet by the Czar and the Russian people, which has in some quarters been interpreted as giving a formal sign and seal to the Russo-French alliance, while it places this country in her old position as a cordial friend of France.

The young Prince of Naples, who arrived in England on July 22, has had a round of quiet sight-seeing, occasionally travelling incognito as Count Pollazo. Under this title he attended a masked ball at Holland House; while in a more public character he has inspected the Tower and the Beefeaters, paid a visit to the Queen at Osborne, seen a review at Aldershot, and been the chief figure in a garden-party at Hatfield House. He has also been the guest of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and replied in very handsome terms to his host's eulogy of his country and his parents. The Prince has impressed his hosts very favourably. He speaks good English, is intelligent and cultured, and his handsome and refined, though still delicate, face strikingly recalls his mother. At Aldershot he chiefly showed interest in the soldiers, the kits, and the commissariat rather than in the details of the review. There have been some rumours of an intended engagement between the Prince and one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, but they have not been confirmed. The Prince is a Catholic, and any English Princess so near the throne as the daughters of the Heir Apparent would have to renounce the succession before marrying him.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE MANIPUR CAMPAIGN.

The brief history of the military operations to subdue the revolt in Manipur, from the last days of March, when Lieutenant Grant, since deservedly promoted to higher Army rank and honoured with the thanks of Government, led a small detachment of the 12th Burmah Infantry (formerly a Madras regiment), with thirty-five Goorkhas, into the hostile country, has already been related. Lieutenant Grant's brave achievement in capturing Fort Thobal with his little band of about eighty men, and in withstanding for some days the attacks of a large Manipuri force, which he defeated in its entrenched position a few miles beyond that place, was universally admired. He was relieved by Captain Presgrave, with reinforcements also of the 12th Burmah Regiment, on April 8, but they had several brisk encounters with the enemy before April 24, when the other troops assembled by Sir Charles Leslie at Tammu, on the Burmese frontier, were brought up to meet Brigadier-General Graham's forces, which had entered the country from Assam. In the decisive action that took place on the next day, six miles from Palel, which was described at the time, Lieutenant Grant and his brother-officer, Lieutenant Cox, performing notable feats of gallantry, were both wounded, and Captain Carnagy, of the 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas, rather severely. When, after the subjugation of Manipur, Lieutenant Grant had recovered sufficiently from his wound to return to Tammu, previously to his leave of absence for three months in India, he travelled in a chair belonging to one of the Manipur princes, sheltered from the sun by a large umbrella, and carried by sturdy coolies of the Chin tribes dwelling in that region. He was greeted, on re-entering the British territory of Burmah, with most complimentary demonstrations. Our correspondent, Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff, took a photograph of the scene when Lieutenant Grant was approaching Tammu.

## THE "WHALEBACK" STEAMER.

An American vessel called the Charles W. Wetmore, arriving at Liverpool on July 21 from Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, has excited much curiosity by her peculiar form and structure. She is built of steel, and the hull, 265 ft. long, 38 ft. broad, and 24 ft. deep, is shaped as a cylinder with both ends pointed, "very like a whale" in appearance when nearly all under water, having no flat deck, but only part of the round fish-back emerging, with turrets, erected on pillars, fore and aft. The section of the hull is oval; its sides and roof consist of steel plates, slightly curved, overlapping each other, and the sea freely washes over the vessel. The forward turret accommodates eight of the crew, while the aft turret contains rooms for the captain and officers, a saloon, chart-room, pantry, and cooking-galley; the engineers and firemen are quartered below. Wire roping stretched along both sides of the vessel protects the men in passing from one end to the other, or to the turrets. The cargo is put in or taken out of the hold by removal of nine of the upper plates. There are no sails; the engines are of 850-horse power, giving an average speed of twelve or thirteen knots an hour, and consuming daily but thirteen tons of coal. The vessel when loaded draws 14 ft. of water; her cargo was 88,000 bushels of grain, and the voyage took ten days and a half. This novel craft, with four smaller plying on the Lakes, belongs to the American Steel Barge Company, of which Mr. C. W. Wetmore is secretary. The design is a patent one by Captain McDougall. It claims the advantages of great economy in steam-power and fuel, more space for cargo and quicker loading or discharging, and safety at sea, with no rolling or pitching, it is said; but we may have other accounts of the voyage.

## LAUNCH OF H.M.S. ENDYMION, AT HULL.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, wife of the Prime Minister, visited Hull on Wednesday, July 22, to perform two public ceremonies: one was the launch of a new ship for the Royal Navy, constructed by Earle's Shipbuilding Company at Hull. H.M.S. Endymion, one of the nine cruisers of the Edgar class, with protecting armour-deck, ordered in 1889, is a vessel of 7350 tons displacement, drawing 23 ft. 9 in. of water, with double bottom divided into twenty-seven watertight compartments; the engines are of 12,000-horse power, working twin screw-propellers, and can give a speed of twenty knots. The day's proceedings began at the Townhall, where the Mayor of Hull, Alderman James T. Woodhouse, with the other members and officers of the Corporation, received the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs of London, as well as Lady Salisbury, who came from Hesselewood, the residence of Mr. F. R. Pease, having been a guest there, with Lord Hugh Cecil and Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the night before. There was a procession of State carriages; a formal address presented in a gold casket to the Lord Mayor, whose baronetcy, with the knighthood of the Sheriffs of London, was revealed on this occasion; and there was a luncheon, after which her Ladyship went to open the new hospital for children, and to launch the new war-ship at a later hour. The directors of Earle's Shipbuilding Company entertained the distinguished visitors with a grand banquet at the Dock Offices, and in the evening the Mayor and Mayoress of Hull held a brilliant reception at the Townhall. Among those present at this day's proceedings were the Earl of Londesborough, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, Lord Herries, Sir Albert Kaye Rolit, M.P., Mr. H. S. King, M.P., Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., the Lord Mayor of York, the Mayors of Leeds and Grimsby, and other persons of note.

## VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HULL.

The opening of the new hospital for poor sick children, in Park Street, Hull, was one object of Lady Salisbury's visit to that town on July 22. The institution was set on foot in 1873, in Story Street, and is managed by a committee of which Colonel W. H. Broadley is president. The new building, which has cost about £7500, has a front in the French style of Early Gothic; it is constructed of red brick, with Ancaster stone dressings. The architects were the late Mr. B. Musgrave and

Mr. W. H. Bingley. On the ground floor are the offices, board-room, house surgeon's and matron's rooms; on the first floor, the principal ward, 50 ft. by 20 ft., contains sixteen beds, another ward six beds, another twelve, with nurses' rooms, bath-rooms, and linen store-room; and the second floor has accommodation for sixteen more patients. The outdoor department occupies a separate building on the Clarendon Street side. Lady Salisbury and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs of London were received at this hospital by the executive committee, Dr. Sherburne, ex-Mayor, at their head, with Mr. Arthur Wilson, who gave £1000 towards the cost of the building. One of the wards has been named the "Salisbury Ward," and the hall is adorned with a portrait of the Queen.

## PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

One of our foreign royal visitors this season, who arrived on July 15 from America, having travelled round the globe, is a



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

Prince entitled, both for the sake of the ever-interesting country that he represents—as the Prince of Naples represents the kingdom of Italy—and for his own personal qualities, to especial regard in England. Here, indeed, in long-past years, but within the remembrance of some yet living, the cause of Greek freedom, somewhat earlier than that of Italian national liberty, commended by similar associations with a glorious antique renown, found its most ardent friends. Prince George—not heir apparent to the crown, but second son of King George I., "King of the Hellenes"—was born at Corfu in June 1869, six years after the accession of his father to the Greek kingdom. His Majesty, second son of King Christian IX. of Denmark, and brother of our Princess of Wales, married, in 1867, to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, was chosen King by the Greek National Assembly after the abdication of the Bavarian King Otto; and, with the approval of the three protecting Great Powers, England, France, and Russia, on condition of the Ionian Isles being ceded to Greece, began a reign which has certainly been more prosperous than that of his predecessor. The Crown Prince is his Royal Highness Constantine, Duke of Sparta, born at Athens in 1868. Prince George, for his part, as becomes a Greek or a Dane, is evidently fond of travelling; and his recent voyage with the Czarevitch,

THE MAYOR OF HULL,  
ALDERMAN JAMES T. WOODHOUSE.THE MAYORESS OF HULL,  
MRS. J. T. WOODHOUSE.

his cousin, whom he calls "Nicky," to India, Ceylon, Singapore, China, and Japan, was greatly enjoyed by Prince George, until that frightful adventure of May 10, at Kioto, when the Czarevitch was nearly killed by an insane Japanese policeman. It was by the prompt and courageous act of Prince George, who had a big stick in his hand, and smote the assassin on the head, that the life of the heir to the Russian Empire was saved. A letter of Prince George to his father, simply and modestly relating this affair, appeared first in a Danish paper, and was translated and copied by the London papers on July 22. It cannot fail to enhance the personal interest which is felt in our present visitor, who seems to be a fine young fellow, like what Englishmen naturally admire.

The Portrait of Prince George of Greece is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## TORPEDO-CATCHERS.

The mimic naval warfare that has taken place in the Irish Sea, or St. George's Channel, between the Blue Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral J. E. Erskine, and the Red Squadron, with its headquarters at Milford Haven, under command of Captain Samuel Long, was secondary to the wider tactical movements of the two powerful fleets—one that of Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour; the other, representing an enemy on the western shores of Ireland, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy; off the north and west coasts of the British Islands. But, while awaiting the development of those larger operations in what may be called "the outer circle" of our maritime national defences, there was some interest in the attempts of a supposed foreign hostile force, occupying the eastern ports of Ireland, and possessing twenty active torpedo-boats, to molest the English defensive squadron in St. George's Channel, and to threaten or attack, if opportunity served, places on the coast of Wales. The task of watching and repelling such attempts in the first instance, from Monday, July 20, throughout that week, was performed by a detachment of the Red Squadron, consisting of H.M.S. Barracouta (Commander R. W. White), the "torpedo-catchers" Seagull, Spider, and Skipjack, and the gunboat Rattlesnake, with another "torpedo-catcher," the Gossamer, at Holyhead. They crossed the Channel, hovered about the Wicklow coast, and captured some of the enemy's torpedo-boats. An attack was made on the batteries at Kingstown.

## THE ROBINSON MEMORIAL AT LEYDEN.

The International Council of Congregationalists—the first gathering of its kind ever held—closed its sittings in London on July 21. It was attended by 320 delegates from all parts of the world, and was in every sense successful. Since its close a number of external functions have taken place. On July 22 Serooby, in Nottinghamshire, and Austerfield, in Yorkshire, were visited. The former gave to the Pilgrim Fathers their first "elder," and the latter to New Plymouth its first Governor. Such a visit to the old Pilgrim home had, naturally, great interest to the delegates from the United States, who, it is said, were intensely moved on the occasion. The population for miles round came forth to welcome them, and the church bells rang a merry peal. There is not much to see at Serooby, but, as one of the speakers remarked, "a good deal to feel," for from it the Pilgrim Fathers went forth, and in "going became the moulding forces of peoples and ages yet to be." One of the pastors of the Serooby Church was the Rev. John Robinson, M.A., under whose direction its members removed to Holland. On July 24, many of those who had gathered at Serooby were found in Leyden taking part in the unveiling and dedication—in St. Peter's Church—of a tablet to his memory, of which we give an illustration, taken from a photograph. The history of the tablet may be gathered from the inscription, which runs as follows—

The Mayflower, 1620.

In Memory of  
REV. JOHN ROBINSON, M.A.,  
Pastor of the English Church worshipping over against this spot,  
A.D. 1609-1625, whence, at his prompting, went forth  
THE PILGRIM FATHERS  
To settle New England, in 1620.  
Buried under this House of Worship, 4 March, 1625,  
ÆTAT XLIX YEARS.  
In Memoria Eterna Erit Justus.  
Erected by the National Council of the Congregational Churches  
of the United States of America,  
A.D. 1891.

The tablet is a splendid piece of bronze casting, 7 ft. by 6 ft. It cost £500. It was unveiled by Miss Edith B. Palmer, who subsequently hoisted the Dutch, American, and English flags, the military band playing the respective National Anthems. The Rev. C. Ray Palmer, D.D., presided, and among those who took part were the Revs. Dr. Mackennal, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Noble, and Morton Dexter, M.A., the secretary of the movement. The Burgomaster of Leyden, one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the Rev. Professor Kuenen, D.D., of the University of Leyden, responded to the addresses.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE NURSES.

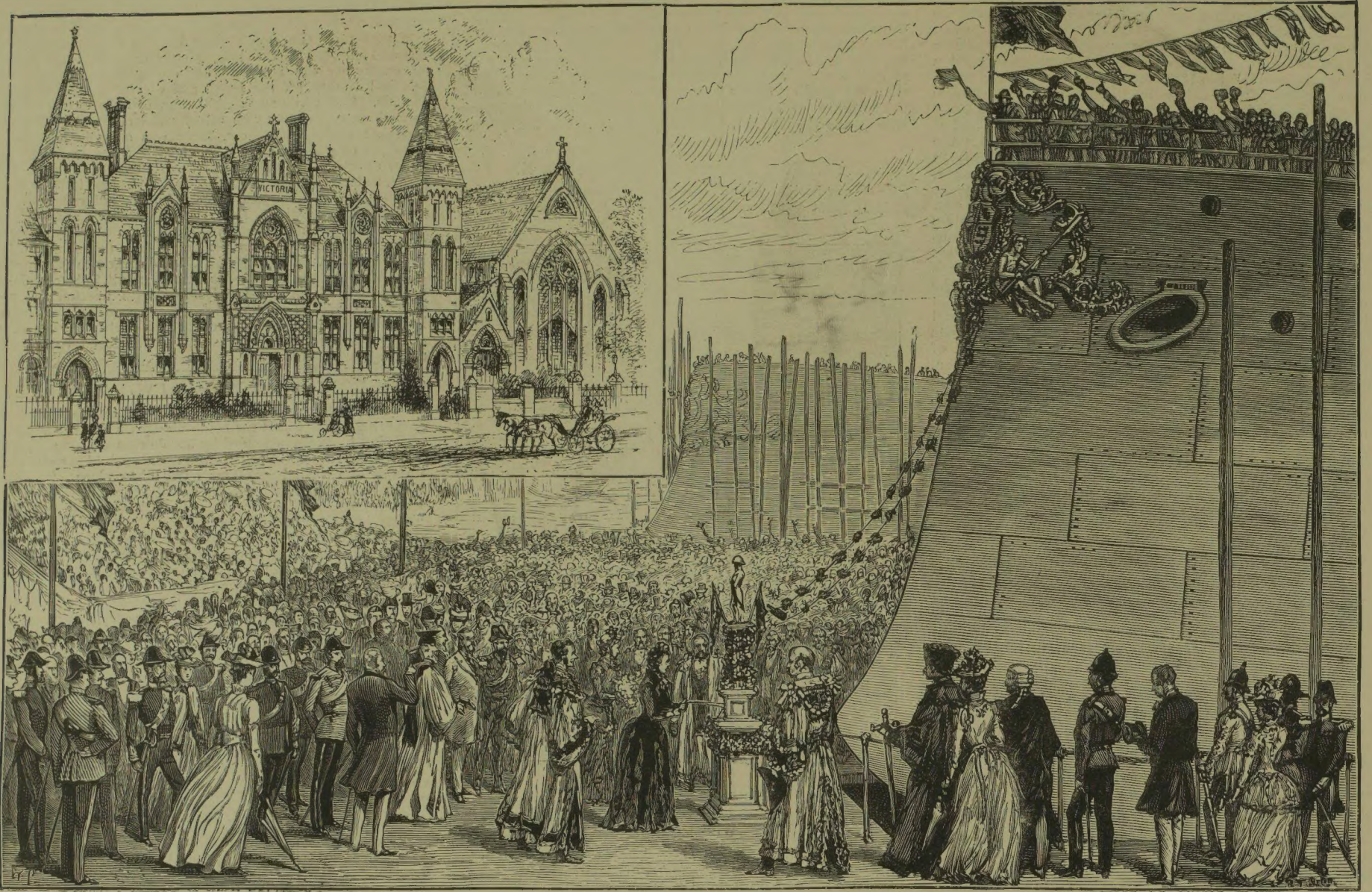
The Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, under the special patronage of the Princess of Wales, is in a flourishing condition, having already invested sums amounting to £100,000. Last year, her Royal Highness personally presented the certificates of membership to a large number of the first thousand nurses who availed themselves of the advantages of subscribing to this fund. Those advantages have been improved by later arrangements, and a second thousand of new members have joined. On Saturday, July 25, the Prince and Princess of Wales received, in the gardens of Marlborough House, about seven hundred women and girls of this most useful and respectable profession. They were accompanied by the matrons of the chief London hospitals and of the Birmingham Infirmary. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their two unmarried daughters, with Prince George of Greece, Lady Cadogan, Lord Rothschild, and other persons of rank, witnessed this pleasing spectacle. Her Royal Highness gracefully presented the certificates to all the nurses, and the Prince addressed them in a kindly and judicious speech.

## MISS ELLEN TERRY.

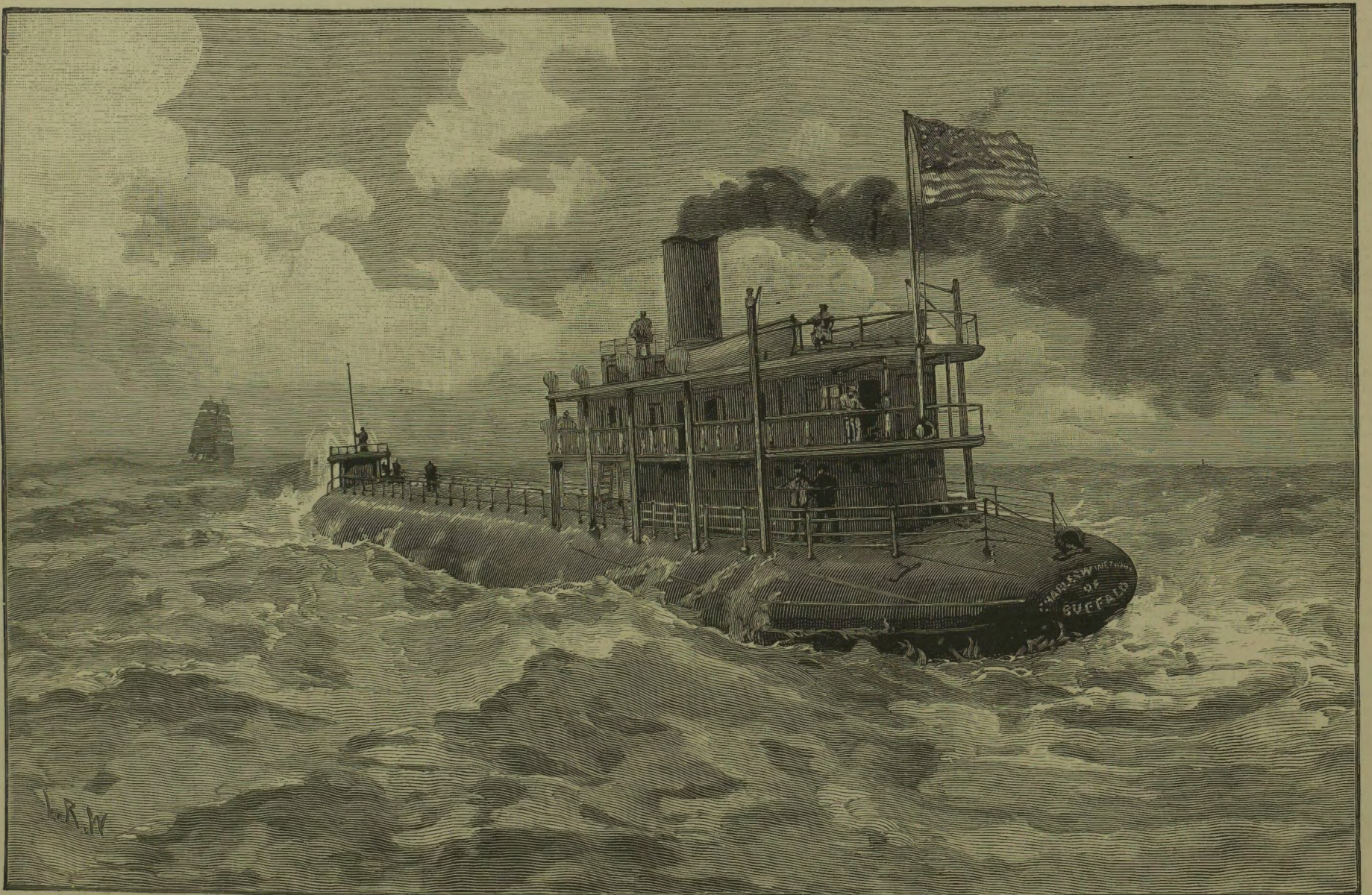
For her benefit on the last night of the Lyceum season Miss Ellen Terry chose the part with which perhaps she is most closely identified. Her Beatrice is still one of the most delightful impersonations of the modern stage. It has small trace of that pathos which is amongst Ellen Terry's best gifts; but the vivacity, spontaneity, and unbounded gaiety of the character never fail to carry an audience away. Miss Terry possesses in a rare degree that supreme faculty which appeals straight to the heart of the playgoer. Her effects are so simple, and apparently so artless, that they seem the unpremeditated expression of her own buoyant nature. In one scene it may be confessed that she romps about the stage; yet this exuberance is so charming, and so entirely free from any suggestion of trick, that the most captious critic, who might be disposed to argue that Beatrice would not snatch up babies and hug them, may surrender himself to the actress's spirit of frolic. All the delightful waywardness of Beatrice Miss Terry commands at will, and to this she adds infinite touches of womanly grace which make the portrait perfectly captivating.



THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR POOR SICK CHILDREN AT HULL.



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. ENDYMION AT HULL BY THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

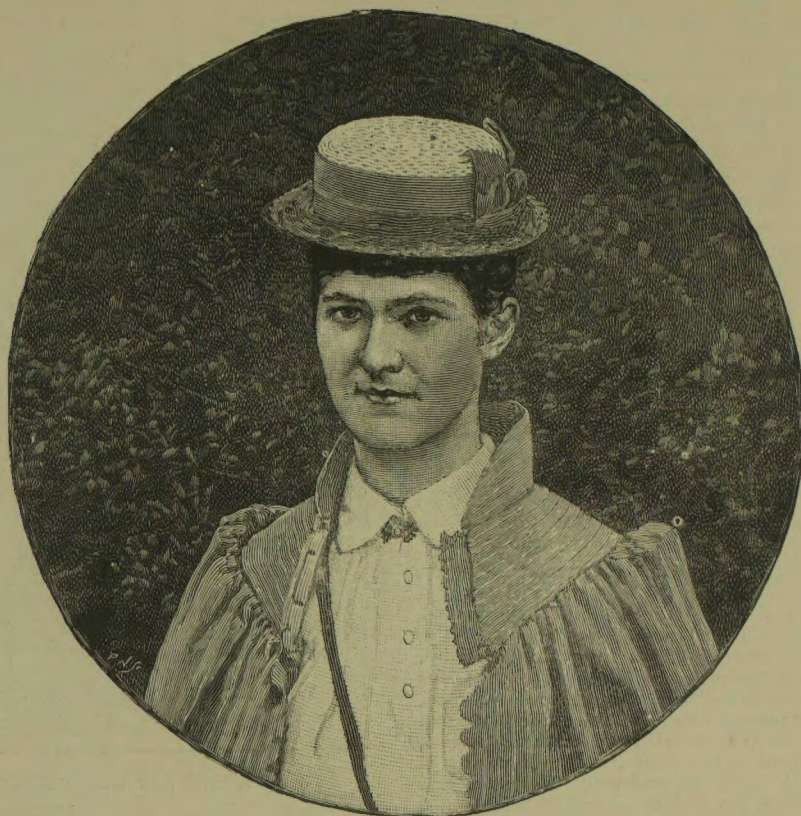


THE AMERICAN "WHALEBACK" STEAMER.





PRIVATE D. DEAR, QUEEN'S EDINBURGH RIFLE VOLUNTEER CORPS,  
THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.



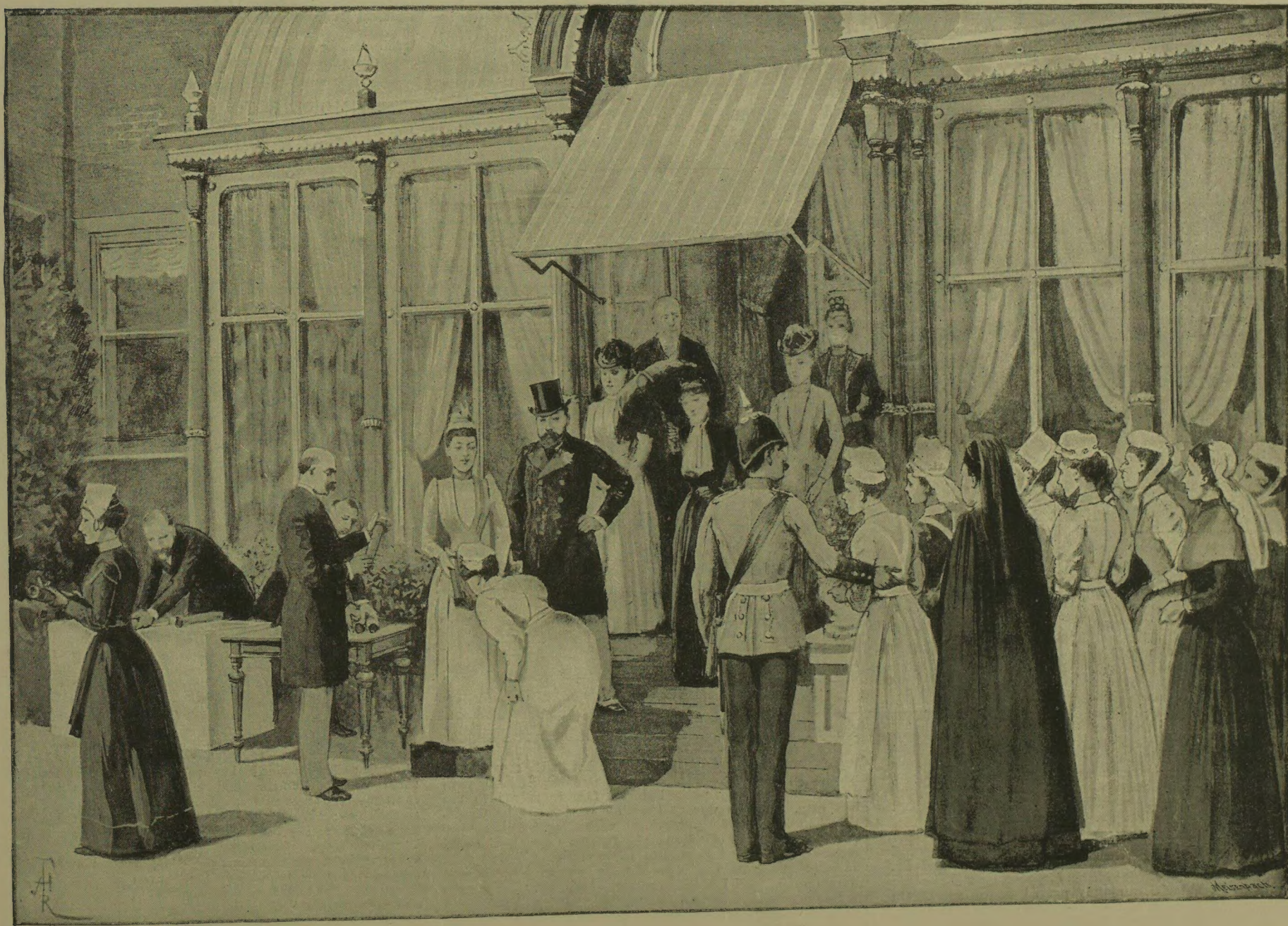
MISS LEALE,  
THE LADY RIFLE-SHOT AT BISLEY.

#### NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY.

The winner of the Queen's Prize, £250, with gold medal and yearly champion's badge, is Private Dear, of the 5th Company of the Queen's Edinburgh Volunteer Rifle Battalion. On Tuesday, July 21, in the final competition at long range, he gained the victory by one point, having scored altogether 269 out of a possible 330—namely, 188 in the first and second stages, 42 at 800 yards, and 39 at 900. Sergeant-Bugler Hill, of the

19th Middlesex, with a total score of 263, won second honours. Mr. Dear is thirty-one years of age, a native of Forfarshire, and is cashier and book-keeper to a firm of solicitors in Edinburgh. He joined the Queen's Edinburgh Volunteer Corps in 1885, shot at Wimbledon next year, and gained some prizes in 1888. Another member of the same corps—Sergeant Menzies—was winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon eighteen years ago. It has not been, altogether, a very brilliant meeting at Bisley this year. One minor incident of novelty was the presence of a young lady,

Miss Winifred Louise Leale, with the Jersey team of riflemen, taking her turn to shoot. When the Duke of Cambridge visited the camp, on Wednesday, July 22, and met Colonel Robbin, the captain of the Jersey team, his Royal Highness asked to be introduced to the young lady who had been competing with trained marksmen, complimented her on having done so well, and congratulated her on her shooting record. The Jersey team, with the Canadian, a Welsh, and an English team, on the previous Saturday, competed for the Mackinnon prize, at a figure target 400 yards distant, but were unsuccessful.



PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES TO NURSES BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The reception of the French fleet by the Russians at Cronstadt has been the most notable event of the week, on account of the political importance that has been given to it by writers in many Continental papers. It was expected that the French Admiral would be received with the greatest cordiality, and it seems, according to all accounts, that the warmth of the welcome extended to him amounted almost to enthusiasm. Officials and non-officials vied with each other in the effusiveness of their greetings, and for the first time in the history of Russia the "Marseillaise" was allowed to be played, not only when the French ships arrived, but even in the presence of the Czar, who remained standing whilst the French national hymn was played.

The Czar inspected the fleet on July 25, when, accompanied by the Empress, the Queen of Greece, the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, and a brilliant retinue, he went to Cronstadt and paid a visit to the Marengo, the flagship of Admiral Gervais, who received their Majesties. Subsequently the Emperor inspected the other ships, and in the evening the French officers were invited to dine with the Czar on board the imperial yacht *Derjava*.

The population displays great enthusiasm in their demonstrations of goodwill towards the French sailors, who are pined with "vodki" by the friendly Russians, and most of the Russian papers indulge in gushing articles. But they are not absolutely unanimous, for the *Grashdanin*, for instance, points out that, France representing Western civilisation, and Russia being a powerful and barbarous people, it is hopeless to expect that the French will lift their little finger for the Russians, and argues that the French, therefore, should not ask Russia to set her army marching for them.

In Continental countries the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt is viewed with varied feelings. In Germany the official Press has remained practically silent on the subject, while the independent papers are divided, some holding that it is nothing but a platonic expression of sympathy, and others, on the contrary, although admitting that there is no immediate danger, being of opinion that an understanding of some sort between Russia and France is now a *fait accompli*, notwithstanding the efforts of diplomacy to prevent such a thing. As a matter of course, Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, is in favour of Germany trying to retain the friendship of Russia, and looks upon a too close sympathy with England as a danger to Germany. In Vienna the papers seem to attach no importance to the Cronstadt festivities; but the most serious French papers, like the *Temps*, say that the Triple Alliance has driven Russia and France to come to a tacit understanding which, although not a written one, is none the less real.

In political circles this result has been foreseen for some time, and it is not without some misgivings that statesmen and politicians of pacific tendencies have seen Europe being gradually divided into two huge camps. This, however, is now an accomplished fact, and one that has to be taken into account when studying the present situation of European politics. Well might a statesman exclaim, some time ago, that electricity was accumulating, in spite of the fact that all that was being done was done for the sake of preserving peace.

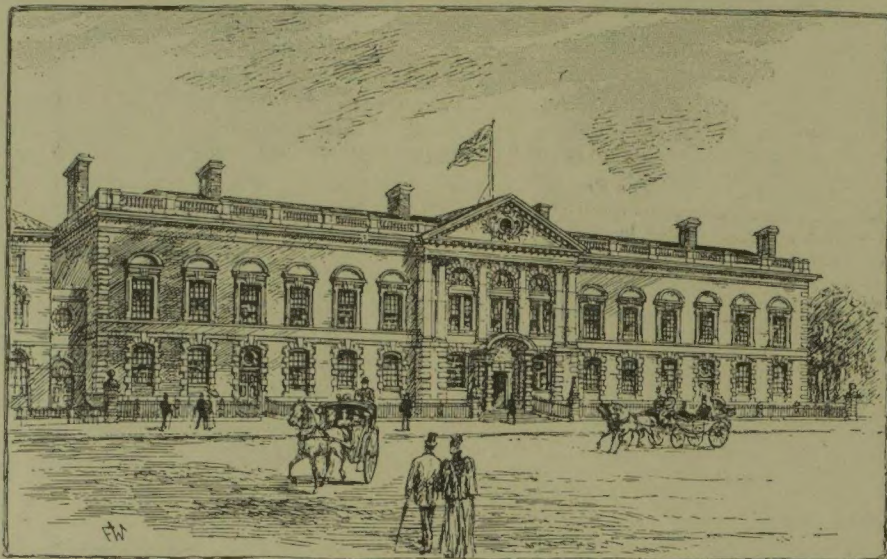
The German Emperor, who is still enjoying his cruise along the coast of Norway, met with a slight accident the other day. He slipped and fell on the deck of his yacht and hurt his knee. Although the injury is not serious, his Majesty will have to abstain for a few days from walking, which will, to some extent, mar the enjoyment of his holiday trip. Probably William II. is the first sovereign who ever went whale-hunting, this kind of sport, for obvious reasons, not being one generally indulged in by crowned heads. The whale-hunt which had been organised for him took place on July 21, and was favoured by splendid weather; but whales are not so easy to drive as ordinary game, and no catch was made. A second whale-hunt had been projected, but had to be given up, and so whale-hunting did not prove a success in the case of the German Emperor.

There is a keen competition now going on between the German Government and some English and American amateurs for securing possession of some letters written by Goethe to Frau von Stein. The present owner of these valuable documents will not part with them for a lesser sum than 150,000 marks, and it is simply a question of high bidding.

Strikes seem to be as plentiful in Paris just now as the proverbial berries, but, their frequency notwithstanding, they are not successful. The railway strike turned out the abject failure it deserved to be, and now the Paris cabmen, whose chief grievance is the uniform fare for any distance, customary in the French capital, are agitating for a strike, which does not evoke much enthusiasm, although by a small majority a vote was carried at a cabmen's meeting demanding the application of a time and distance measuring machine. The worst of it is that many of these machines have been tried and found wanting, not one of them having yet been able to stand the test of practical application.

A dastardly attempt to assassinate M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, M. Etienne, Colonial Under-Secretary, and Dr. Treille, Chief of the Colonial Medical Service, by means of an infernal machine, has fortunately proved unsuccessful. On Thursday, July 23, each of them received through the post-office a book bearing the Toulon post-mark. Madame Constans, to whom one of these books was delivered in the absence of her husband, handed the parcel to a servant, when

some yellow powder was observed to drop from it. This aroused the lady's suspicion, and on the arrival of M. Constans the parcel, which had remained unopened, was sent to the police. Dr. Treille also, on receiving his parcel, found that it contained a suspicious-looking powder; and as to M. Etienne, having been informed of what had occurred, he did not even open the packet sent to him. On examination by the police authorities it was found that each book contained a sardine-box filled with fulminate of mercury and about thirty bullets, the pages having been cut out so as to make room for the box. A percussion cap was so arranged and fixed to the cover that, on the



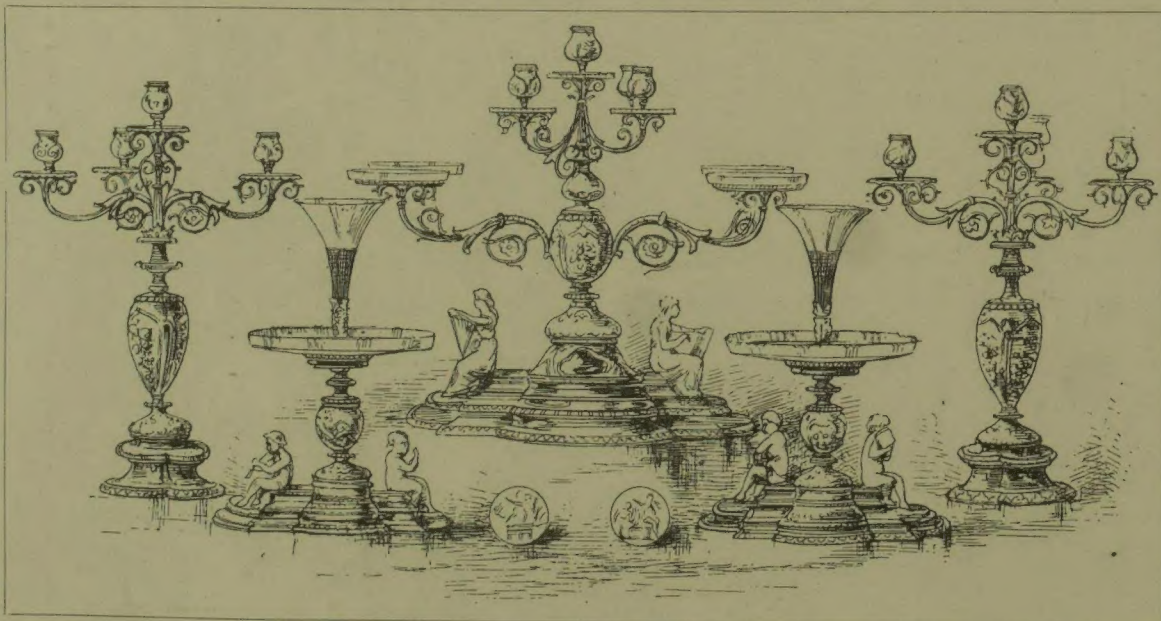
THE SOUTH-WEST LONDON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, TO BE ERECTED IN MANRESA ROAD, CHELSEA.

book being opened, an explosion was to follow immediately. The Paris police sent their ablest detectives to Toulon, but no clue has yet been found. It has been assumed, however, that the books were sent by a former customs official in Tonkin, who committed suicide on Friday at Toulon. Another explanation is that the criminal is a Bordeaux doctor who, some time ago, threatened Dr. Treille and M. Etienne.

A most disastrous railway accident occurred at St. Mandé, near Paris, on July 26, when a train filled with excursionists overtook and ran into another train, equally full of passengers, which was standing in the station. The shock was terrible, a number of people being killed on the spot, and many others being fearfully wounded. The cries of the wounded and of the uninjured passengers were heartrending, and, to add to the horror of the situation, some of the carriages took fire. The scene then became one of indescribable confusion and panic, and many who had not been crushed to death were suffocated, burnt, or even drowned, it is said, by the floods of water poured upon the burning wreckage by the firemen. The work of rescue was carried on with great spirit and the utmost devotion, and it was ascertained that fifty persons had been killed and over 100 injured, some of them hopelessly. The accident is the most serious ever known in France.

The two Chilean cruisers recently built in France, and taken charge of by Chilean naval officers, have begun their career under most inauspicious circumstances. The *Presidente Errazuriz*, when last heard of, was anchored in the Tagus, unable to obtain coal and to complete her crew. As to the *Presidente Pinto*, which left Toulon on July 24, she grounded on the rocks in the roads, and was so seriously damaged that she cannot resume her voyage without undergoing extensive repairs.

The case of Miss Greenfield, a young English girl in her teens, who was carried off by Kurds into Persian territory, afterwards marrying one of them and avowing the Mussulman faith, has come to a semi-comic conclusion. The girl's mother maintained that force had been used, and that her



TESTIMONIAL TO MR. H. S. KING, M.P., FROM MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

daughter was not a consenting party either to the marriage or the change of faith. Mr. Paton, the acting British vice-Consul, courageously pressed for a free inquiry into the girl's case, and this was at length conceded. Miss Greenfield had a private interview with Mr. Paton, her mother, and the commander of the Persian troops. She said that she had become a convert to Islam of her own free will, and added, "I love Aziz" (the Kurd who carried her off and married her). "and I am Mussulman." Apparently this ends the matter, and Miss Greenfield will henceforth be permitted to rear her savage race in peace in the tents of Aziz, wherever they may happen to be pitched. All praise, however, is due to Mr. Paton, who, at great personal risk, insisted on hearing Miss Greenfield's story from her own lips.

## THE SOUTH-WEST LONDON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, CHELSEA.

Chelsea, already possessing a Free Library, which is, for its moderate size, and with regard to arrangement for usefulness, one of the best in England, will soon have, adjacent to the library in Manresa Road, near the Townhall, King's Road, the South-West London Polytechnic Institute, designed under the scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners, with the similar institutions at Battersea and in Southwark, to promote technical education and mental recreation — also healthy bodily exercises, gymnastics and swimming — among a large population. The district so benefited, in this instance, comprises Chelsea and Fulham, Brompton, parts of Kensington, Pimlico, and St. George's, Hanover Square. The Commissioners will bestow on the endowment £50,000 of the funds derived from obsolete City parochial charities; an equal amount is to be raised by public subscriptions, now exceeding £34,000, to which Lord Manners, Lord Iveagh, the Duke of Bedford, Earl Cadogan, the Duke of Westminster, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., are the leading contributors, while Lord Cadogan has also given the site. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, laid the foundation-stone of the building on Thursday, July 23. The architect is Mr. J. M. Brydon, who was the architect of the Chelsea Free Library. The building will be constructed of red brick, with stone dressings. On the ground floor will be the entertainment hall, 80 ft. by 44 ft.; the gymnasium and the swimming bath, descending somewhat into the basement; reading-rooms, class-rooms, club-rooms, music-teaching rooms, and refreshment-rooms, for men on one side, for women on the other; the first floor, to the centre of which rise the orchestra and gallery of the large concert hall, will contain the lecture-rooms, library, museum, chemical laboratories, and the other class-rooms, and separate rooms for practising choirs, male and female. Chelsea and Whitechapel are at opposite ends of London; but the dwellers at the West End will be almost as well provided with means of culture and recreation as those who can enjoy the use of "The People's Palace."

## THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

The Palestine Exploration Fund Society held its yearly general meeting on Tuesday, July 21, in its new rooms, 24, Hanover Square, Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S., in the chair. It has removed from the old quarters in the Adelphi to these larger offices, where the committee will be able to exhibit important objects of archaeological interest, which have been the result of their explorations. The report of the year's work was a very satisfactory document and showed that substantial progress had been made. Mr. Bliss had begun his excavations at Tel Hesi — which is believed to be Lachish (Josh. x. 32), and had sent accounts of the results. He had to cease during the hot weather, but is to begin again in the autumn. A very remarkable discovery of an ancient arch has just been made in that part of the Haram, or Temple Area, at Jerusalem known as "Solomon's Stables." This may possibly be one of a line of arches, extending from Robinson's Arch to the eastern wall, overhanging the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where there is the spring of another arch, corresponding, on the east, to Robinson's on the west, the newly discovered arch being apparently in a line with the other two.

## TESTIMONIAL TO MR. H. S. KING, M.P.

The European members of the Indian Civil Service, retired and others, residing in England, or having part of their families in England, were put to a cruel loss by the depreciation of the rupee in monetary exchange. Their claims to a redress of this grievance were long urged on the Indian Government, and eventually with success, by Mr. H. S. King, M.P., a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. In grateful recognition of this service, a testimonial was presented to that gentleman, on July 11, at his residence in Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, with a very handsome set of silver ornaments for the dining-table. The massive centrepiece, with figures representing Music and Art, and with a column to support either a candelabrum or a silver bowl and cut-glass dishes; a pair of "assiettes montées," with Cupids at the base of each, and the candelabra, are of the finest design and workmanship. They were manufactured by the Goldsmiths' Alliance (late A. B. Savory and Sons) of Cornhill.

## "THE SERVANT MAID."

Miss Constance Phillott's picture, of which we present an Engraving on another page, illustrates one of the German stories called "Die Wichtelmänner," not included in some English translations of Grimm's "Fairy Tales." This girl had received an invitation from the fairies to be present at the christening of a fairy's child. Her master and mistress gave her a day's holiday, that she might go. The fairies entertained her most

kindly, and persuaded her to remain with them for three days. At the end of that time — as it seemed to her — she returned to her work, and the tale continues thus: "When she reached home she wanted to begin her work, took the broom, which still stood in its corner, and began to sweep. Then strangers came out of the house and asked who she was and what she did there. For it was not three days, as she had believed, but seven years that she had been with the little men in the mountain, and her old master and mistress had died in the meantime." This is the moment of the picture. The artist's notion is that the girl has reached her home in the early morning before the low sun has fully lighted up the courtyard. While sweeping before the door she is spied from an upper window by children of the house.



## PERSONAL.

The Rev. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, LL.D., D.D., the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, is, in his way, fully as distinguished a man as his predecessor, Dr. Moulton. Dr. Stephenson is a philanthropist of world-wide note, just as Dr. Moulton was a scholar of real eminence. His early "line" as a minister lay chiefly in the encouragement of the less formal methods familiarised by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and latterly by the Salvation Army. He began by hiring the theatre at Norwich for afternoon services, and by conducting "evangelistic" meetings in St. Andrew's Hall. A further advance was the institution of

THE REV. DR. STEPHENSON.

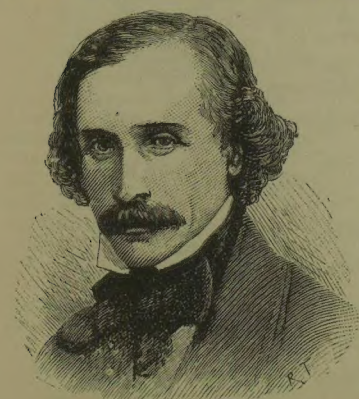
twopenny soirées at Bolton, to which working-men were invited, and which were half social, half religious in character. By way of competing with a kind of drunken saturnalia which prevailed every year in the town, Dr. Stephenson organised an exhibition, which took off a good deal of custom from the "raree shows." Coming to London, and being assigned a "parish" in the region of the New Cut, Dr. Stephenson's warm heart was at once attracted to the appalling misery of the children's lives. So he opened a Children's Home, in a cottage in the Waterloo Road, which has steadily grown in usefulness, and has attracted the warm sympathy of distinguished Churchmen like the late Dean Stanley and Archdeacon Farrar. A more recent, and perhaps more remarkable, development has been the establishment of a Deaconesses' House, at Victoria Park, for the training of women for sick service. Dr. Stephenson's social work has been helped by his capacity for clear, strong preaching and his great powers of organisation. He is fifty-two years of age.

The suspension for a week of Mr. Atkinson, the Conservative member for the Boston Division of Lincolnshire, is a curious, if a rather painful, incident of House of Commons procedure. Mr. Atkinson, whose grave face, adorned with spectacles and crowned with a shock of wavy white hair, looks respectability itself, is a prominent Wesleyan, an ex-Mayor of Hull (where he was born), and a leading member of the shipping trade. He has always been a rather eccentric and excitable member, and of late has settled into an attitude of determined hostility to the Speaker and the officials known as the Clerks of the Table. Some of Mr. Atkinson's questions and notices have, perhaps, been rather roughly "edited," and the hon. member resented it. He is an impulsive man, and has not been treated with all the tact in the world. The Speaker, however, has great power, and the House was justified in standing by its head official. But the feeling was unmistakably against the severer punishment of suspension for the remainder of the Session—a feeling largely due to the obvious absence of malice in Mr. Atkinson's offence.

Charles Lullier, who has just died at Panama, was a madman with a streak of inventive genius. He distinguished himself when quite a lad as an *aspirant de marine*—or midshipman—and challenged Paul de Cassagnac to a duel. During the war he managed to get transferred from Brest to Paris just before the siege. His activity was shown in attempting to open up communications with the outside world, and, at a later date, he fitted out two or three of the *bataillons-mouches* as gun-boats, with which he worried the Prussian forces. After the fall of Paris, he gave up his commission in the navy, and on March 10, 1871, was elected a member of the Central Committee, and for a few days commanded the insurrectionary forces. His loyalty towards his enemies caused him to be suspected of treason, and he was arrested by order of the Communist leaders, but escaped, and was the means of putting the Versailles troops in possession of the important Fort Mont Valérien. On the suppression of the insurrection, he was tried by the Versailles Court and condemned to death, but managed to escape—first to England, and afterwards to Belgium—and, on the proclamation of the amnesty, he returned to Paris, where he obtained employment from M. de Lesseps, and was ultimately sent to Panama.

No prima donna of English birth has this season appeared at Covent Garden, but England may claim kinship with a goodly proportion of the stars who have been charming London audiences in Italian opera. Madame Albani (Mrs. E. Gye) is a Canadian whose maiden name was La Jeunesse, and who made her début at Albany, whence she took her name. Madame Melba (Mrs. Armstrong), the wife of an Australian medical man, was born in Melbourne. Madame Nordica, who was a Miss Norton, is a native of the United States, and the widow of Mr. Gower, an eminent scientist, who resided in Paris, and more than seven years ago started on a ballooning expedition, and was never afterwards heard of. Miss Emma Eames, the charming exponent of Juliette, Marguerite, and Desdemona, also hails from the land of the "Stars and Stripes," while Miss Sybil Sanderson, who appeared as Manon, is the daughter of the Attorney-General of California.

Perhaps the ablest of English military sanitarians was Dr. John Sutherland, who died at Norwood on July 14. Dr. Sutherland was an Edinburgh man, educated at the High School, and taking his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh University. A little journalism at Liverpool led to his appointment in 1848 under the first Board of Health, a nomination which left its mark on the sanitary history of the country. The bare record of his services is remarkable. He reported on the cholera epidemic in 1848-9, and he represented the F.O. at the International Quarantine Conference in Paris in 1851-2, and was presented by Louis Napoleon



THE LATE DR. JOHN SUTHERLAND.

with a commemorative gold medal, which he has bequeathed to the British Museum. But his life-work has been the improvement of military sanitation. When Dr. Russell's letters on the horrors of the Crimea aroused public opinion in England, Dr. Sutherland was sent to report on the health of the troops before Sebastopol. He saw Florence Nightingale and her

wonderful work in the hospitals at Scutari. His inspection over, he was recalled to England by Lord Panmure to report, and was also summoned to Balmoral to give a personal account to the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Then followed his membership of the Royal Commission on the sanitary state of the Army, in India and at home, from which have sprung most of the modern improvements in the health of both services. Dr. Sutherland was an active member of the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission, afterwards the Army Sanitary Committee, which sat under the presidency of Sidney Herbert, and the value of his work—which was continuous up to 1888—may be judged from a comparison between the vital statistics of the Army before the Crimean War and after that critical and unfortunate period. Later on he visited Algeria, and examined the reforms which had so largely reduced the mortality of the French army. Dr. Sutherland's life was, apart from his work, a singularly quiet one. He suffered from deafness, and was unable to attend public meetings; but his work and unrivalled experience were in constant request with sanitary engineers.

The French Minister of the Interior, M. Benjamin Constans, on whose life an attempt has just been made by means of what may be described as a bombed volume sent through the post to his private residence, is, next to Jules Ferry, the strongest political personality in France. It was owing to his prompt and energetic action that the Boulanger bubble burst in the manner it did; and as long as the party he represents remains in power a system of coercion will always be considered both advisable and excusable in French Radical circles. M. Constans has many enemies. Not a day passes but he and his charming wife receive a score of threatening letters; indeed, wonder has often been expressed at the Préfecture de Police that attempts similar to that of the other day have not taken place before now. As Minister of the Interior, practically Prime Minister, a considerable amount of entertaining necessarily devolves on "Monsieur le Ministre," and his short, somewhat stout figure and keen intelligent face are a feature of all Madame Carnot's official fêtes at the Elysée. He shares with Jules Ferry the unenviable notoriety of being the most caricatured and lampooned individual in France. Both Henri Rochefort, in the *Intransigeant*, M. Clémenceau, in the *Justice*—to say nothing of Paul de Cassagnac, of forty-duels fame, in the Imperialist *Autorité*—daily vilify, abuse, criticise, and hold up to public ridicule and scorn M. Constans. Yet, for all that, he is just now the one man who holds our lively neighbours together, and Count Herbert Bismarck spoke the truth when he said, "As long as that man remains at the head of affairs King Mob will never obtain possession of the streets of Paris."

The death of Sir Charles Forster, who practically managed private business in the House of Commons, is really a sad loss



THE LATE SIR CHARLES FORSTER, M.P.

to the inner and, as it were, domestic life of that body. Sir Charles's quaint, squat little figure and red, good-humoured face had of late years acquired a painful interest since an attack of locomotor ataxy, which made it impossible for him to walk unaided. The feet have a tendency to slip back in motion, and Sir Charles was compelled to slide gently along the floor, with a very slight lifting of the feet, propped on the arms of two members. He was allowed to sit in the House while divisions were going on, and latterly, when his powers increasingly failed, was wheeled about in a specially constructed chair. In his more active days, he was the most unwearied *habitué* and gossip of the House. He had a pleasant word for everybody, and his bright chirrupy talk and habit of pervading lobby and corridor and tea and dining room were always welcome. He was a devoted friend and follower of Mr. Gladstone, who often dined at his house in Queen Anne's Gate, was a collector of pictures, an admirable host, and an honest simple gentleman to boot. He sat for Walsall, which was devoted to him, since 1852, and was not opposed at the 1886 election. Mr. Gladstone made him a baronet in 1874. He was seventy-five years of age.

The banquet to commemorate the fiftieth year of the business of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the excursionists, brought together a remarkable assembly on July 22. Mr. John Cook—his father, eighty years of age, unable to be present—took the chair, and was supported on right and left by the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Khedive of Egypt sent a representative, and among members of the two Houses of Parliament were the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Camoys, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, Mr. Richard Chamberlain, Mr. Henniker Heaton, and Sir Edward Watkin, who may also be included among the railway potentates. These latter were in full force, including, in addition to Sir Edward Watkin, Sir James Allport, Sir Myles Fenton, and Mr. J. S. Forbes. Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Francis Grenfell, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Frederick Stephenson, and Sir John Hay may be named among the representatives of the army and navy; while journalism found supporters in Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. W. H. Mudford, and Mr. Edmund Yates. Not only was the gathering representative of very varied interests, but the speeches must have come as a complete surprise to those who had associated Messrs. Cook and Son only with the swarms of tourists who overrun the Alps and the Rhineland. The Duke of Cambridge and Sir Francis Grenfell bore testimony to the firm's disinterested action in Egypt. Mr. Cook having placed his Nile boats at the service of wounded British soldiers in the Soudanese campaign. When Sir John Gorst followed with a declaration that, as a representative of India, he could bear witness to the influence of Mr. Cook in connection with the pilgrim traffic, in strengthening the power of this country in the East, the hearers must have thought that nothing less than a baronetcy could adequately acknowledge so much public service.

The *Spectator*, however, while somewhat grudgingly acknowledging Messrs. Cook's services, declares that the firm have taken away the romance of travel. That is the view of a class; but it is hardly the correct one. For the student, the antiquary, or the simple leisure-seeker, Europe is still full of spots where the voice of the cheap tripper is not heard, and is never likely to be. All that Messrs. Cook, in conjunction with the railway system, have done is to popularise travel on certain familiar routes once monopolised by the vulgar and extortionate couriers. This pestiferous class they have replaced

by a body of men superior in every way, while they have extended the advantages of rapid sight-seeing to classes hitherto out of this sphere of enjoyment. Not only this, but they have reduced fourfold the mechanical trouble of foreign tours for all voyagers, rich and poor alike. That there are vulgar people who travel goes without saying; they are not necessarily found in Messrs. Cook's companies.

A minor poet, of some distinction in his way, has lately



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH ELLIS.

died, in the person of Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, who, born a month or so after the battle of Waterloo, knew many celebrated men, and wrote a number of poems which attained much popularity in the States, and were known to a circle of appreciative readers here. His chief work in verse was entitled "Cæsar in Egypt," and contains an elaborate picture of the great soldier, and of his association with Cleopatra, on lines which show considerable freshness of treatment. Other poems were "Costanza"—a love story—"Columbus at Seville," and a number of sonnets after Petrarch. Some competent judges have preferred his "Columbus" to Lord Tennyson's poem on the same subject. Mr. Ellis, who was a brother of Sir Joseph Whittaker Ellis, M.P., was a leading spirit of the Brighton Literary Society, which met at the Albion Rooms.

## OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF WICKLOW.

The Right Hon. Cecil Ralph Howard, Earl of Wicklow.



Viscount Wicklow of Wicklow, and Baron Clonmore of Clonmore Castle, in the county of Carlow, died suddenly at his residence, Shelton Abbey, in the county of Wicklow, on July 24. He was born April 26, 1842, the second son of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Howard, Vicar of Swords, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton of Hamwood, in the county of Meath. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1867. He succeeded to the family honours at his brother's death, June 20, 1881, and was formerly captain 60th Rifles and late major 7th Brigade North Irish Division, R.A. He married, first, in 1876, Francesca Maria, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park, Hants, and secondly, in 1880, Fanny Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Robert Wingfield, eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Wingfield. His eldest son, Ralph Francis, now seventh Earl of Wicklow, was born Dec. 24, 1877. The Howards, Earls of Wicklow, supposed by tradition to have been of the same stock as the Howards of England, descend from a celebrated physician, Dr. Ralph Howard, President of the College of Physicians in Ireland, who acquired from the Duke of Ormonde the beautiful seat near Arklow, where the late Earl lived and died.

SIR CHARLES FORSTER, BART., M.P.

Sir Charles Forster, Bart., M.P., of Lysways Hall, in the county of Stafford, who died on July 26, was born in 1815, the only son of the late Mr. Charles Smith Forster, M.P., J.P. and D.L., by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Emery, of Burcott House, Shropshire. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford (B.A. 1840, M.A. 1843), called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, 1843, and joined the Oxford Circuit. In 1852 he was first elected for Walsall, and continued to represent that constituency in the Liberal interest up to the time of his death. Sir Charles married in August 1840 Frances Catherine, daughter of Mr. John Surtees of Durham, cousin of the Earl of Eldon. He was created a baronet, March 17, 1874, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Forster, J.P., 3rd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, who was born June 1, 1841.

SIR HARRY HAMMERTON HEWETT, BART.

Sir Harry Hammerton Hewett, Bart., died at Horsham on July 24, aged thirty-seven. He was only son of the late eminent Surgeon Sir Prescott Gardiner Hewett, F.R.S., on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1883. The title now becomes extinct. Sir Harry's sisters and coheiresses are Agnes Sarah and Maud Sandys, wife of Mr. William Charles Hallett.



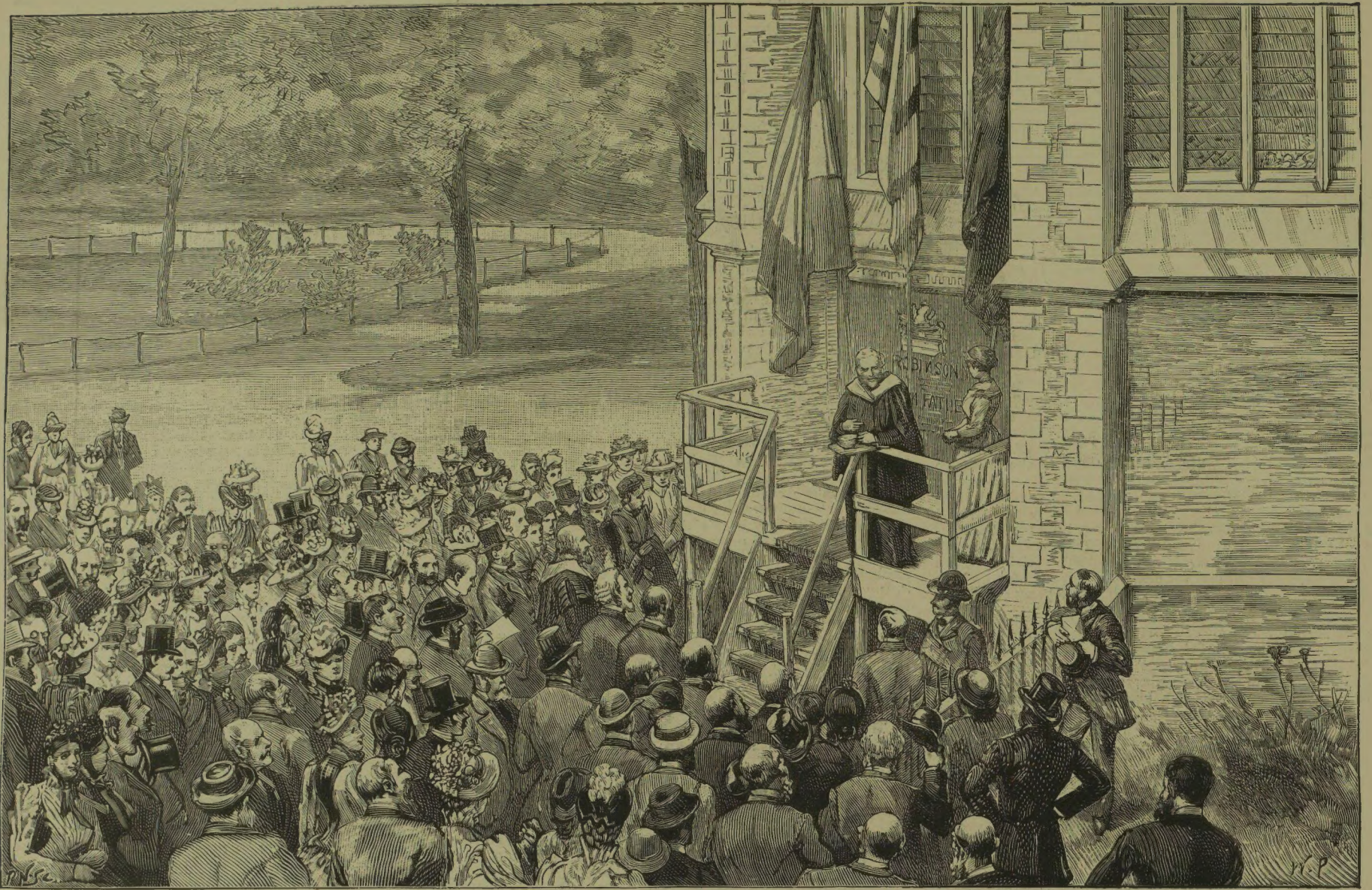
THE HON. ALGERNON FULKE EGERTON.

The Hon. Algernon Fulke Egerton of Worsley Old Hall, whose death occurred at Belgrave Place on July 14, was born Dec. 31, 1825, the third son of Lord Francis Egerton (who was raised to the Peerage as Earl of Ellesmere in 1846), by Harriet Catherine, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Greville, and granddaughter of William Henry, third Duke of Portland. Mr. Egerton was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took, in 1858, the degree of D.C.L. He represented the South-Eastern Division of Lancashire in the Conservative interest from 1863 to 1880, and Wigan from 1882 to 1885, and was Secretary of the Admiralty from 1874 to 1880. In 1863 he married Alice Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Lord George Cavendish, M.P., and cousin to the Marquis of Hartington.

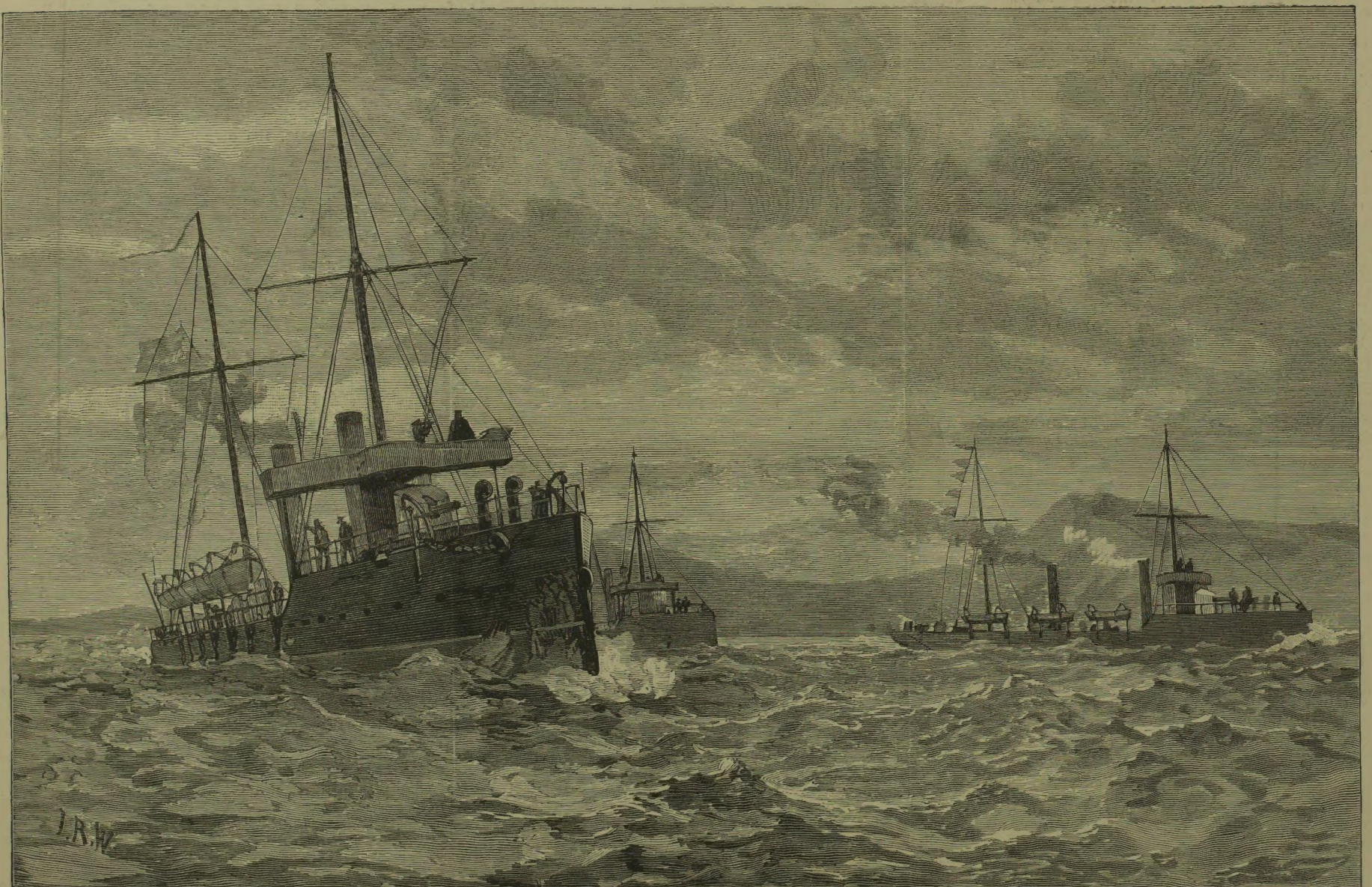
SIR WILLIAM F. DOUGLAS.

Sir William Fettes Douglas, LL.D., D.L. for Edinburgh City, the eminent portrait-painter, whose death is just recorded, was born March 29, 1822, the son of Mr. James Douglas, banker, by Martha, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Brook, merchant, of London. He held a high place in art in North Britain—was member for nearly forty years of the Royal Scottish Academy, Principal Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland in 1877, and filled the chair of President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1882, in which year he received knighthood. He married, in 1870, Marion, daughter of Mr. Barron Grahame of Morphee.





THE UNVEILING OF THE JOHN ROBINSON MEMORIAL TABLET AT LEYDEN.



SPIDER.

SKIPJACK.

SEAGULL.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: TORPEDO-CATCHERS OFF THE WICKLOW COAST.





*Every eye was on her, and in the wide circle around every mouth was agape.*

## THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

### CHAPTER VII.

OF THE ANGEL IN ISRAEL'S HOUSE.

Now, when Israel had been some twenty years at Tetuan, Naomi being then fourteen years of age, Benaboo, the Basha, married a Christian wife. The woman's name was Katharine. She was a Spaniard by birth, and had first come to Morocco at the tail of a Spanish embassy, which travelled through Tetuan from Ceuta to the Sultan at Fez. What her belongings were and what her antecedents had been, no one appeared to know, nor did Benaboo himself seem to care. She answered all his present needs in her own person, which was ample in its proportions and abundant in its charms.

In marrying Benaboo, the wily Katharine imposed two conditions. The first was that he should put away the full Mohammedan complement of four Moorish wives, whom he had married already, as well as the many concubines that he had annexed in his way through life, and now kept lodged in

one quiet nest in the women's hidden quarter of the Kasba. The second condition was that she herself should never be banished to such seclusion, but, like the wife of any European governor, should openly share the state of her husband.

Benaboo was in no mood to stand on the rights of a strict Mohammedan, and he accepted both of her conditions. The first he never meant to abide by, but the second she took care he should observe, and, as a prelude to that public life which she intended to live by his side, she insisted on a public marriage.

They were married according to the rites of the Catholic Church by a Franciscan friar newly settled at Tangier, and the marriage festival lasted six days. Great was the display, and lavish the outlay. Every morning the cannon of the fort fired a round of shot from the hill, every evening the tribesmen from the mountains went through their feats of powder-play in the market-place, and every night a body of Aissawa from Mequinez yelled and shrieked in the quarter called the M'salla, near the Bab er-Remoosh. Feasts were spread in the Kasba, and relays of guests from among the chief men of the town were invited daily to partake of them.

No man dared to refuse his invitation, or to neglect the tribute of a present, though the Moors well knew that they were lending the light of their countenance to a brazen outrage

on their faith, and though it galled the hearts of the Jews to make merry at the marriage of a Christian and a Mussulman—no man except Israel, and he excused himself with what grace he could, being in no mood for rejoicing, but sick with sorrow of the heart.

The Spanish woman was not to be gainsaid. She had taken her measure of the man, and had resolved that a servant so powerful as Israel should pay her court and tribute before all, therefore she caused him to be invited again; but Israel had taken his measure of the woman, and with some lack of courtesy he excused himself afresh.

Katharine was not yet done. She was a creature of resource, and having heard of Naomi, with strange stories concerning her, she devised a children's feast for the last day of the marriage festival, and caused Benaboo to write to Israel a formal letter, beginning, "To our well-beloved the excellent Israel ben Olliel, Praise to the one God," and setting forth that on the morrow, when the "Sun of the world" should "place his foot in the stirrup of speed," and gallop "from the kingdom of shades," the Governor would "hold a gathering of delight" for all the children of Tetuan, and he, Israel, was besought to "lighten it with the rays of his face, rivalled only by the sun," and to bring with him his little daughter Naomi, whose arrival, "similar to a spring breeze,"



should "dissipate the dark night of solitude and isolation." This despatch, written in the common cant of the people, concluded with quotations from the Prophet on brotherly love, and a significant and more sincere assurance that the Basha would not admit of excuses "of the thickness of a hair."

When Israel received the missive, his anger was hot and furious. He leapt to the conclusion that, in demanding the presence of Naomi, the Spanish woman, who must know of the child's condition, desired only to make a show of it. But, after a time, he put that thought from him as uncharitable and unwarranted, and resolved to obey the summons.

And, indeed, if he had felt any further diffidence, the sight of Naomi's own eagerness must have driven it away. The little maid seemed to know that something unusual was going on. Troops of poor villagers from every miserable quarter of the bashalic came into the town each day, beating drums, firing long guns, driving their presents before them—bullocks, cows, calves, and sheep—and trying to make believe that they rejoiced and were glad. Naomi appeared to be conscious of many tents pitched in the market-place, of denser crowds in the streets, and of much bustle everywhere.

Also she seemed to catch the contagion of little Ali's excitement. The children of all the schools of the town, both Jewish and Moorish, had been summoned through their Talebs to the festival; there was to be dancing and singing and playing on musical instruments; and Ali himself, who had lately practised the harp under his teacher, was to show his skill before the Governor. Therefore, great was the little black man's excitement, and, in the fever of it, he would talk to everyone of the event forthcoming—to Fatima, to Habeebah, and often to Naomi also, until the memory of her infirmity would come to him, or perhaps the derisive laugh of his schoolfellows would stop him, and then, thinking they were laughing at the girl, he would fall on them like a fury, and they would scamper away.

When the great day came, Ali went off to the Kasba with his school and Taleb, in the long procession of many schools and many Talebs. It was a strange and touching spectacle, whereat a man's eyes might fill and his gorge rise together. Every child carried a present for the rich Basha; now a boy with a goat, then a girl with a lamb, again a poor tattered mite with a hen, all coddling them close like pets they must part with, yet all looking radiantly happy in their sweet innocence, which had no alloy of pain from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Israel took Naomi by the hand, but no present with either of them, and followed the children, going past the booths, the blind beggars, the lepers, and the shrieking Arabs that lay thick about the gate, through the iron-clamped door, and into the quadrangle, where groups of women stood together closely covered in their blankets—the mothers and sisters of the children, permitted to see their little ones pass into the Kasba, but allowed to go no farther—then down the crooked passage, past the tiny mosque, like a closet, and the bath, like a dungeon, and finally into the great patio, paved and walled with tiles.

This was the place of the festival, and it was filled already with a great company of the children, their fathers and their teachers. Moors, Arabs, Berbers, and Jews, clad in their various costumes of white and blue and black and red—they were a gorgeous, a voluptuous, and, perhaps, a beautiful spectacle in the morning sunlight.

As Israel entered, with Naomi by the hand, he was conscious that every eye was on them, and as they passed through the way that was made for them, he heard the whispered exclamations of the people. "Shoof!" muttered a Moor. "See!" "It's himself," said a Jew. "And the child," said another Jew. "Allah has smitten her," said an Arab. "Blind and dumb and deaf," said another Moor. "God be gracious to my father!" said another Arab.

Musicians were playing in the gallery that ran round the court, and from the flat roof above it the women of the Governor's harem, not yet dispersed, his four lawful Mohammedan wives, and many concubines, were gazing furtively down from behind their haiks. There was a fountain in the middle of the patio, and at the farther end of it, within an alcove that opened out of a horseshoe arch, beneath ceilings hung with stalactites, against walls covered with silken hangings, and on Rabat rugs of many colours, sat Benaboo and his Christian bride.

It was there that Israel saw the Spaniard for the first time, and at the instant of recognition he shivered as with cold. She was a handsome woman, but plainly a heartless one—selfish, vain, and vulgar.

Benaboo hailed Israel with welcomes and peace-blessings, and Katharine drew Naomi to her side.

"So this is the little maid of whom wonderful rumours are so rife?" said Katharine.

Israel bent his head and shuddered at seeing the child at the woman's feet.

"The darling is as fair as an angel," said Katharine, and she kissed Naomi.

The kiss seemed to Israel to smite his own cheeks like a blow.

Then the performances of the children began, and truly they made a pretty and affecting sight: the white walls, the deep blue sky, the black shadows of the gallery, the bright sunlight, the grown people massed around the patio, and these sweet little faces coming and going in the middle of it. First, a line of Moorish girls in their embroidered hazzams dancing after their native fashion, bending and rising, twisting and turning, but keeping their feet in the same place constantly. Then, a line of Jewish girls in their kilted skirts dancing after the Jewish manner, tripping on their slipped toes, whirling and turning around with rapid motions, and playing tambourines held high above their heads by their shapely arms and hands. Then passages of the Koran chanted by a group of Moorish boys in their jellabs, purple and chocolate and white, peaked above their red tarbooshes. Then a psalm by a company of Jewish boys in their black skullcaps—a brave old song of Zion sung by silvery young voices in an alien land. Finally, little black Ali, led out by his teacher, with his diminutive Moorish harp in his hands, showing no fear at all, but only a negro boy's shy looks of pleasure—his head aside, his eyes gleaming, his white teeth aglitter, and his face aglow.

Now, down to this moment Naomi, at the feet of the woman, had been agitated and restless, sometimes rising, then sinking back, sometimes playing with her nervous fingers, and then pushing off her slippers. It was as though she was conscious of the fine show which was going forward, and knew that they were children who were making it. Perhaps the breath of the little ones beat her on the level of her cheeks, or perhaps the light air made by the sweep of their garments was wafted to her sensitive body. Whatsoever the sense whereby the knowledge came to her, clearly it was there in her flushed and twitching face, which was full of that old hunger for child-company which Israel knew too well.

But when little Ali was brought out, and he began to play on his harp, it was impossible to repress Naomi's excitement. The girl leaped up from her place at the woman's feet, and with the utmost rapidity of motion she passed like a gleam of light

across the patio to the boy's side. And, being there, she touched the harp as he played it, and then a low cry came from her lips. Again she touched it, and her eyes, though blind, seemed for an instant to flame like fire. Then, with both her hands she clung to it, and with her lips and her tongue she kissed it, while her whole body quivered like a reed in the wind.

Israel saw what she did, and his very soul trembled at the sight with wild thoughts that did not dare to take the name of hope. As well as he could in the confusion of his own senses he stepped forward to draw the little maiden back, but the wife of the Governor called on him to leave her.

"Leave her!" she cried. "Let us see what the child will do!"

At that moment Ali's playing came to an end, and the boy let the harp pass to Naomi's clinging fingers, and then, half sitting, half kneeling on the ground beside it, the girl took it to herself. She caressed it, she patted it with her hand, she touched its strings, and then a faint smile crossed her rosy lips. She laid her cheek against it and touched its strings again, and then she laughed aloud. She flung off her slippers and the garment that covered her beautiful arms, and laid her pure flesh against the harp wheresoever her flesh might cling, and touched its strings once more, and then her very heart seemed to laugh with delight.

Now, what is to follow will seem to be no better than a superstitious saying, but true it is, nevertheless, and simple sooth for all it sounds so strange, that though Naomi was deaf as the grave, and had never yet heard music, and though she was untaught and knew nothing of the notes of a harp to strike them, yet she swept the strings to strange harmonies such as no man had ever listened to before and none could follow.

It was not music that the little maiden made to her ear, but only motion to her body, and just as the deaf who are deaf alone are sometimes found to take pleasure in all forms of percussion, and to derive from them some of the sensations of sound—the trembling of the air after thunder, the quivering of the earth after cannon, and the quaking of vast walls after the ringing of mighty bells—so Naomi, who was blind as well and had no sense save touch, found in her fingers, which had gathered up the force of all the other senses, the power to reproduce on this instrument of music the movement of all things that moved about her—the patter of the leaves of the fig-tree in the patio of her home, the swirl of the great winds on the hill-top, the splash of rain on her face, and the rippling of the levanter in her hair.

This was all the witchery of Naomi's playing, yet, because every emotion in nature has its harmony, so there was harmony of some wild sort in the music that was struck by the girl's fingers out of the strings of the harp. But, more than her music, which was, perhaps, only a rhapsody of sound, was the frenzy of the girl herself as she made it. She lifted her head like a bird, her throat swelled, her bosom heaved, and, as she played, she laughed again and again.

There was something fascinating and magical in the spectacle of the beautiful fair face aglow with joy, the rounded limbs (visible through the robes) clinging to the sides of the harp, and the delicate white fingers flying across the strings. There was something gruesome and awful, as well, for the face of the girl was blind, and her ears heard nothing of the music that her fingers were making.

Every eye was on her, and in the wide circle around every mouth was agape. And when those who looked on and listened had recovered from their first surprise, very strange and various were the whispered words they passed between them. "Where has she learnt it?" asked a Moor. "From her master himself," muttered a Jew. "Who is it?" asked the Moor. "Beelzebub," growled the Jew. "God pity me, the evil eye is on her," said an Arab. "God will show," said a Shereef from Wazzan. "They say her mother was a childless woman, and offered petitions for Hannah's blessing at the tomb of Rabbi Amran." "No," said the Arab: "she sent her girl." "Anyhow, the child is a saint," whispered the Shereef. "No, but a devil," snorted the Jew.

"Brava, brava, brava!" cried the new wife of Benaboo, and she cheered and laughed as the girl played. "What did I tell you?" she said, looking toward her husband. "The child is not deaf, no, nor blind either. Oh, it's a brave imposture! Brava, brava!"

Still the little maiden played, but now her brow was clouded, her head dropped, her eyelashes were downcast, and she hung over the harp and sighed audibly.

"Good again!" cried the woman. "Very good!" and she clapped her hands, whereupon the Arabs and the Moors, forgetting their dread, felt constrained to follow her example, and they cheered in their wilder way, but the Jews continued to mutter, "Beelzebub, Beelzebub!"

Israel saw it all, and at first, amid the commotion of his mind and the confusion of his senses, his heart melted at sight of what Naomi did. Had God opened a gateway to her soul? Were the poor wings of her spirit to spread themselves out at last? Was this, then, the way of speech that Heaven had given her? But hardly had Israel overflowed with the tenderness of such thoughts when the bleating and barking of the faces about him awakened his anger. Then, like blows on his brain, came the cries of the wife of the Governor, who cheered this awakening of the girl's soul, as it were no better than a vulgar show; and at that Israel's wrath rose to his throat.

"Brava, brava!" cried the woman again, and, turning to Israel, she said, "You shall leave the child with me. I must have her with me always."

Israel's throat seemed to choke him at that word. He looked at Katharine, and saw that she was a woman lustful of breath and vain of heart, who had married Benaboo because he was rich and a lover of luxury. Then he looked at Naomi, and remembered that her heart was clear as the water, and sweet as the morning, and pure as the snow.

And at that moment the wife of the Governor cheered again, and again the people echoed her, and even the women on the housetops made bold to take up her cry with their cooing ululation. The playing had ceased, the spell had dissolved, Naomi's fingers had fallen from the harp, her head had dropped into her breast, and with a sigh she had sunk forward on to her face.

"Take her in!" said the wife of Benaboo, and two Arab soldiers stepped up to where the little maiden lay. But before they had touched her Israel strode out with swollen lips and distended nostrils.

"Stop!" he cried.

The Arabs hesitated, and looked towards their master.

"Do as you are bidden—take her in!" said Benaboo.

"Stop!" cried Israel again, in a loud voice that rang through the court. Then, parting the Arabs with a sweep of his arms, he picked up the unconscious maiden, and faced about on the new wife of Benaboo.

"Madam," he cried, "I, Israel ben Olliel, may belong to the Governor, but my child belongs to me."

So saying, he passed out of the court, carrying the girl in his arms, and in the dead silence and blank stupor of that moment none seemed to know what he had done until he was gone.

Israel went home in his anger; but, nevertheless, out of this event he found courage of his heart to begin his task again. Let his enemies bleat and bark "Beelzebub," yet the child was an angel, though suffering for his sin, and her soul was with God. She was a spirit, and the songs she had played were the airs of paradise. But, comforting himself so, Israel remembered the vision of Ruth, wherein Naomi had recovered her powers. He had put it from him hitherto as the delirium of death, but would the Lord yet bring to pass? Would God in His mercy some day take the angel out of his house, though so strangely gifted, so radiant and beautiful and joyful, and give him instead for the hunger of his heart as a man his sweet human child, his little fair-haired Naomi, though helpless and simple and weak?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OF THE VISION OF THE SCAPEGOAT.

Israel's instinct had been sure: the coming of Katharine proved to be the beginning of his end. He kept his office, but he lost his power. No longer did he work his own will in Tetuan; he was required to work the will of the woman. Katharine's will was an evil one, and Israel got the blame of it, for still he seemed to stand in all matters of tribute and taxation between the people and the Governor. It galled him to take the woman's wages, but it vexed him yet more to do her work. Her work was to burden the people with taxes beyond all their power of paying; her wages was to be hated as the bane of the Bashalic, to be clamoured against as the tyrant of Tetuan, and to be ridiculed by the very offal of the streets.

One day a gang of dirty Arabs in the market-place dressed up a blind beggar in clothes such as Israel wore, and sent him abroad through the town to beg as one that was destitute and in a miserable condition. But nothing seemed to move Israel to pity. Men were cast into prison for no reason save that they were rich, and the relations of such as were there already were allowed to redeem them for money, so that no felon suffered punishment except such as could pay nothing. People took fright and fled to other cities. Israel's name became a curse and a reproach throughout Barbary.

Yet all this time the man's soul was yearning with pity for the people. Since the death of Ruth his heart had grown merciful. The care of the child had softened him. It had brought him to look on other children with tenderness, and looking tenderly on other children had led him to think of other fathers with compassion. Young or old, powerful or weak, mighty or mean, they were all as little children—helpless children who would sleep together in the same bed soon.

Thinking so, Israel would have undone the evil work of earlier years; but that was impossible now. Many of them that had suffered were dead; some that had been cast into prison had got their last and long discharge. At least Israel would have relaxed the rigour whereby his master ruled, but that was impossible also. Katharine had come, and she was a vain woman and a lover of all luxury, and she commanded Israel to tax the people afresh. He obeyed her through three bad years; but many a time his heart reproached him that he dealt corruptly by the poor people, and when he saw them borrowing money for the Governor's tributes on their lands and houses, and when he stood by while they and their sons were cast into prison for the bonds which they could not pay to the usurers Abraham or Judah or Reuben, then his soul cried out against him that he ate the bread of such a mistress.

But out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness, and out of this coming of the Spanish wife of Benaboo came deliverance for Israel from the torment of his false position.

Now, there was an aged and pious Moor in Tetuan called Abdallah, who was rumoured to have made savings from his business as a gunsmith. Going to mosque one evening, with fifteen dollars in his waistband, he unstrapped his belt and laid it on the edge of the fountain while he washed his feet before entering, for his back was no longer supple. Then a younger Moor, coming to pray at the same time, saw the dollars, and snatched them up and ran. Abdallah could not follow the thief, so he went to the Kasba and told his story to the Governor. Just at that time Benaboo had the Kaid of Fez on a visit to him. "Ask him how much more he has got," whispered the brother Kaid to Benaboo. Abdallah answered that he did not know. "I'll give you two hundred dollars for the chance of all he has," the Kaid whispered again. So Abdallah was sold like a sheep and carried to Fez, and there cast into prison on a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars imposed upon him on the pretence of a false accusation.

Israel sat by the Governor that day at the gate of the hall of justice in the place of the Tabel-adoul, and many poor people of the town stood huddled together in the court outside while the evil work was done. No one heard the Kaid of Fez when he whispered to Benaboo, but everyone saw when Israel drew the warrant that consigned the gunsmith to prison, and when he sealed it with the Governor's seal.

Abdallah had made no savings, and, being too old for work, he had lived on the earnings of his son. The son's name was Absalam, and he had a wife whom he loved very tenderly, and one child, a boy of six years of age. Absalam followed his father to Fez, and visited him in prison. The old man had been ordered a hundred lashes, and the flesh was hanging from his limbs. Absalam was great of heart, and, in pity of his father's miserable condition, he went to the Governor and begged that the old man might be liberated, and that he might be imprisoned instead. His petition was heard. Abdallah was set free, Absalam was cast into prison, and the penalty was raised from two hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred.

Israel heard of what had happened, and he hastened to Benaboo in great agitation, intending to say, "Pay back this man's ransom, in God's name, and his children and his children's children will live to bless you." But when he got to the Kasba, Katharine was sitting with her husband, and at sight of the woman's face Israel's tongue was frozen.

Absalam had been the favourite of his neighbours among all the gunsmiths of the market-place, and after he had been three months at Fez they made common cause of his calamities, sold their goods at a sacrifice, collected the three hundred dollars of his fine, bought him out of prison, and went in a body through the gate to meet him upon his return to Tetuan. But his wife had died in the meantime, of fear and privation, and only his aged father and his little son were there to welcome him.

"Friends," he said to his neighbours standing outside the walls, "what is the use of sowing if you know not who will reap?"

"No use, no use!" answered several voices.

"If God gives you anything, this man Israel takes it away," said Absalam.

"True, true! Curse him! Curse his relations!" cried the others.

"Then why go back into Tetuan?" said Absalam.

"Tanger is no better," said one. "Fez is worse," said another.

"Where is there to go?" said a third.

"Into the plains," said Absalam—"into the plains and into the mountains, for they belong to God alone."



That word was like the flint to the tinder.

"They who have least are richest, and they that have nothing are best off of all," said Absalam, and his neighbours shouted that it was so.

"God will clothe us as he clothes the fields," said Absalam, "and feed our children as he feeds the birds."

In three days' time ten shops in the market-place, on the side of the mosque, were sold up and closed, and the men who had kept them were gone away with their wives and children to live in tents with Absalam on the barren plains beyond the town.

When Israel heard of what had been done, he secretly rejoiced; but Benaboo was in a commotion of fear, and Katharine was fierce with anger; for the doctrine which Absalam had preached to his neighbours outside the walls was not his own doctrine merely, but that of a great man lately risen among the people, called Mohammed of Mequinez, nicknamed by his enemies Mohammed the Third.

"This madness is spreading," said Benaboo.

"Yes," said Katharine; "and if all men follow where these men lead, who will supply the tables of Kuids and Sultans?"

"What can I do with them?" said Benaboo.

"Eat them up," said Katharine.

Benaboo proceeded to put a literal interpretation upon his wife's counsel. With a company of cavalry he prepared to follow Absalam and his little fellowship, taking Israel along with him to reckon their taxes, that he might compel them to return to Tetuan, and be town-dwellers and house-dwellers, and buy and sell and pay tribute as before, or else deliver themselves to prison.

But Absalam and his people had secret word that the Governor was coming after them, and Israel with him. So they rolled their tents, and fled to the mountains that are midway between Tetuan and the Riff country, and took refuge in the wadys of that rugged land, living in caves of the rock, with only the table-land of mountain behind them, and nothing but a rugged precipice in front. This place they selected for its safety, intending to push forward, as occasion offered, to the sanctuaries of Shawan, trusting rather to the humanity of the wild people, called the Shawanis, than to the mercy of their late cruel masters. But the valley wherein they had hidden is thick with trees, and Benaboo tracked them and came up with them before they were aware. Then, sending soldiers to the mountain at the back of the caves, with instructions that they should come down to the precipice steadily, and kill no more than they could take alive, Benaboo himself drew up at the foot of it, and Israel with him, and there called on the people to come out and deliver themselves to his will.

When the poor people came from their hiding-places and saw that they were surrounded, and that escape was not left to them on any side, they thought their death was sure. But without a shout or a cry they knelt, as with one accord, at the mouth of the precipice, with their backs to it, men and women and children, knee to knee in a line, and joined hands, and looked towards the soldiers, who were coming steadily down on them. On and on the soldiers came, eye to eye with the people, and their swords were drawn.

Israel gasped for his breath, and waited to see the people cut in pieces at the next instant, when suddenly they began to sing where they knelt at the edge of the precipice, "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble."

In another moment the soldiers had drawn up as if swords from heaven had fallen on them, and Israel was crying out of his dry throat, "Fear nothing! Only deliver your bodies to the Governor, and none shall harm you."

Then a terrible thing happened. Absalam rose up from his knees and called to his father and his son. And standing between them to be seen by all, and first looking upon both with eyes of pity, he drew from the folds of his soolham a long knife such as the Reefians wear, and taking his father by his white hair, he slew him and cast his body down the rocks. After that he turned towards his son, and the boy was golden-haired and his face was like the morning. Israel's heart bled to see him.

"Absalam," he cried in a moving voice, "Absalam, wait, wait!"

But Absalam killed his son also, and cast him down after his father. Then, looking around on his people with eyes of compassion, as seeming to pity them that they must fall again into the hands of Israel and his master, he stretched out his knife and sheathed it in his own breast, and fell towards the precipice.

Israel covered his face and groaned in his heart, and said: "It is the end, O Lord God, it is the end—polluted wretch as I am, with the blood of these people upon me!"

The companions of Absalam delivered themselves to the

soldiers, who committed them to the prison at Shawan, and Benaboo went home in content.

Rumour of what had come to pass was not long in reaching Tetuan, and Israel was charged with the guilt of it. In passing through the streets the next day on his way to his house the people hissed him openly. "Allah had not written it!" a Moor shouted as he passed. "Take care!" cried an Arab, "Mohammed of Mequinez is coming!"

Now, it chanced that night, after sundown, when Naomi, according to her wont, led her father to the upper room, and fetched the Book of the Law from the cupboard of the wall and laid it upon his knees, that he read the passage whereon the page opened of itself, scarce knowing what he read when he began to read it, for his spirit was heavy with the bad doings of those days. And the passage whereon the book opened was this—

*"Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats: one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. . . . Then shall he kill the goat of the sin-offering that is for the people, and bring his blood within the Vail, and he shall make an atonement for the holy place, because*

the plain as if they would pierce the ground for a spring. Fever and delirium fell upon Israel. The goat came near to him and lifted up its eyes, and he saw its face. Then he shrieked and awoke. The face of the goat had been the face of Naomi.

Now, Israel knew that this was no more than a dream, coming of the passage which he had read out of the book at sundown, but so vivid was the sense of it that he could not rest in his bed until he had first seen Naomi with his waking eyes, that he might laugh in his heart to think how the eye of his sleep had fooled him. So he lit his lamp, and walked through the silent house to where Naomi's room was on the lower floor of it.

There she lay, sleeping so peacefully, with her sunny hair flowing over the pillow on either side of her beautiful face, and rippling in little curls about her neck. How sweet she looked! How like a dear bud of womanhood just opening to the eye!

Israel sat down beside her for a moment. Many a time before, at such hours, he had sat in that same place, and then gone his ways, and she had known nothing of it. She was like

any other maiden now. Her eyes were closed, and who should see that they were blind? Her breath came gently, and who should say that it gave forth no speech? Her face was quiet, and who should think that it was not the face of a homely hearted girl? Israel loved these moments when he was alone with Naomi while she slept, for then only did she seem to be entirely his own, and he was not so lonely while he was sitting there. Though men thought he was strong, yet he was very weak. He had no one in the world to talk to save Naomi, and she was dumb in the daytime, but in the night he could hold little conversations with her. His love! his dove! his darling! How easily he could trick and deceive himself and think. She will awake presently, and speak to me! Yes; her eyes will open and see me here again, and I shall hear her voice, for I love it! "Father!" she will say. "Father father!"

Only the moment of undeciding was so cruel!

Naomi stirred, and Israel rose and left her. As he went back to his bed through the corridor of the patio, he heard a night-cry behind him that made his hair to rise. It was Naomi laughing in her sleep.

Israel dreamt again that night, and he believed his second dream to be a vision. It was only a dream, like the first; but what his dream would be to us is nought, and what it was to him is everything. The vision as he thought he saw it was this, and these were the words of it as he thought he heard them—

It was the middle of the night, and he was lying in his own room, when a dull red light as of dying flame crossed the foot of the bed, and a voice that was as the voice of the Lord came out of it, crying "Israel."

And Israel was sorely afraid and answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then the Lord said, "Thou hast read of the goats when on the high-priest cast lots, one lot for the sin-offering and one lot for the scapegoat."

And Israel answered trembling, "I have read."

Then the Lord said to Israel, "Look now upon Naomi, thy child, for she is as the sin-offering for thy sins, to make atonement for thy transgressions, for thee and for thy household, and therefore she is dumb to all uses of speech, and blind to all service of sight, a soul in chains and a spirit in prison, for behold, she is as the lot that is cast for justice and for the Lord."

And Israel groaned in his agony and cried, "Would that the lot had fallen upon me, O Lord, that thou mightest

be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest, for I alone am guilty before thee."

Then said the Lord to Israel, "On thee, also, hath the lot fallen, even the lot of the scapegoat of the enemies of the people of God."

And Israel quaked with fear, and the Lord called to him again, and said, "Israel, even as the scapegoat carries the iniquities of the people, so dost thou carry the iniquities of thy master, Benaboo, and of his wife, Katharine; and even as the goat bears the sins of the people into the wilderness, so, in the resurrection, shalt thou bear the sins of this man and of this woman into a land that no man knoweth."

Then Israel wrestled no longer with the Lord, but sweat as it were drops of blood, and cried, "What shall I do, O Lord?"

And the Lord said, "Lie unto the morning and then arise, get thee to the country by Mequinez and to the man there whereof thou hast heard tidings, and he shall show thee what thou shalt do."

Then Israel wept with gladness, and cried, saying, "Shall my soul live? Shall the lot be lifted from off me, and from off Naomi, my daughter?"

But the Lord left him, the red light died out from across the bed, and all around was darkness.

Now, to the last day and hour of his life Israel would have



Taking his father by his white hair, he slew him and cast his body down the rocks.

of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins. . . . And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat, and Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited."

That same night Israel dreamt a dream. He had been asleep, and had awakened in a place which he did not know. It was a great arid wilderness. Ashen sand lay on every side; a scorching sun beat down on it, and nowhere was there a glint of water. Israel gazed, and slowly through the blazing sunlight he discerned white roofless walls like the ruins of little sheepfolds. "They are tombs," he told himself, "and this is an Arab graveyard—the most desolate place in the world of God." But, looking again, he saw that the roofless walls covered the ground as far as the eye could see, and the thought came to him that this ashen desert was the earth itself, and that all the world of life and man was dead. Then, suddenly, in the motionless wilderness, a solitary creature moved. It was a goat, and it toiled over the hot sand with its head hung down and its tongue lolled out. "Water!" it seemed to cry, though it made no voice, and its eyes traversed



taken oath on the Scriptures that he saw this vision, and heard this voice, not in his sleep and as in a dream, but awake, and having plain sight of all common things about him—his room and his bed, and the canopy that covered it. And on rising in the morning, at daydawn, so actual was the sense of what he had seen and heard, and so powerful the impression of it, that he straightway set himself to carry out the injunction it had made, without question of its reality or doubt of its authority.

Therefore, committing his household to the care of Ali, who was now grown to be a stalwart black lad, his constant right hand and helpmate, Israel first sent to the Governor, saying he should be six days absent from Tetuan, and then to the Kasba for a soldier and guide, and to the market-place for mules.

Before the sun was high everything was in readiness, and the caravan was waiting at the door. Then Israel remembered Naomi. Where was the maid that he had not seen her that morning? They answered him that she had not yet left her room, and he sent the black woman Fatima to fetch her. And when she came and he had kissed her, bidding her farewell in silence, his heart misgave him concerning her, and, after raising his foot to the stirrup, he returned to where she stood in the patio with the two bondwomen beside her.

"Is she well?" he asked.

"Oh yes, well—very well," said Fatima, and Habecbah echoed her. Nevertheless, Israel remembered that he had not

## THE FIRST SUNDEW.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

On this wide, boggy upland the turf springs elastic. Each time you plant your foot upon it, it gives beneath your tread like a soft pile carpet; each time you raise your heel again, the moss seems to follow you up with a gentle rebound, as if to wing your footsteps. All round, tussocky grass rises high in little islands or hummocks every here and there from the dead level of the moor; in between, mimic runnels of ochreous-red water, stained russet by the iron of decaying plants, ooze and meander with slow-flowing current. It is a moist and peaty spot; here is surely the very place to look for grass-of-Parnassus, with its white star-shaped flowers; for bog-asphodel, with its golden spikes and quaint crimson capsules; for the shield-shaped round leaves and clustered greenish blossoms of the creeping pennywort. And here, too, among them all, standing high on its slender stalk above the stagnant morass in which it barely roots itself, I see the first flowering truss of the insect-eating sundew. A tiny inconspicuous little plant, to be sure, yet not unsung of bards or untold of sages: for has not Darwin devoted a whole volume to its strange carnivorous ways? and has not Swinburne consecrated several liquid stanzas to a poetical apotheosis of its fallacious beauty?

Sundew, in plainer prose, is a lover of bogs and wet heathy

incredible as is the idea of the lifeless devouring and digesting the living—it is still a phenomenon of frequent occurrence in similar circumstances elsewhere, and one which natural selection has continually brought about among such plants as inhabit wet and peaty situations. The roots of these plants, penetrating a soft and boggy vegetable soil, supply abundant moisture, it is true, for the needs of the foliage, but fail, as a rule, to obtain anything like a due supply of nitrogenous material, such as is afforded, in most cases, by animal manure or decaying worms and insects. The running water of the bogs dissolves and carries off all such animal matter before the plants have a chance to suck it up and utilise it, and thus leaves them short of that nitrogenous food which is so especially needed for the acts of flowering, of fertilisation, and of the production of seed. Under these circumstances, any plant that developed a sticky secretion for catching and holding insects would be sure to possess a great advantage over its fellows in the struggle for existence: and we know that such sticky secretions are already common in many upland herbs—among others, in most saxifrages, from which related group the sundew is almost certainly an aberrant and developed descendant. But most bog plants go much further than that: not only do they possess such sticky secretions, they actually digest and suck up the juices of their insect prey, as is the case both with the sundew and the equally carnivorous little English



"IN DISGRACE."—FROM THE PICTURE BY C. ROSTEL.

heard the only language of her lips, her laugh, and, looking at her again, he saw that her face, which had used to be cheerful, was now sad. At that he almost repented of his purpose, and but for shame in his own eyes he might have gone no farther, for it smote him with terror that, though she were sick, nothing could she say to stay him, and even if she were dying she must let him go his ways without warning.

He kissed her again, and she clung to him, so that at last, with many words of tender protest which she did not hear, he had to break away from the beautiful arms that held him.

Ali was waiting by the mules in the streets, and the soldier and guide and muleteers and tentmen were already mounted, amid a chattering throng of idle people looking on.

"Ali, my lad," said Israel, "if anything should befall Naomi while I am away, will you watch over her and guard her with all your strength?"

"With all my life," said Ali, stoutly. He was Naomi's playfellow no longer, but her devoted slave.

Then Israel set off on his journey.

(To be continued.)

The children of the Duchess of Albany (the young Duke of Albany, who is in his seventh year, and his sister the Princess Alice, who is in her eighth year) distributed the prizes at the annual show of the Esher Cottage Garden Society on July 23. Sir Robert Collins tendered a vote of thanks to the Duchess, and said the occasion would be remembered as that on which her children first entered upon the discharge of their public duties.

ground in every mountainous part of Europe; a tiny loosely seated plant, that might almost be described as rather floating than rooting in the moist soil of damp moorlands. Its curious and uncanny-looking round leaves all start from one point and spread out starwise, like a rosette, close to the waterlogged earth; but, if you look close, you can see they are covered with strange long sticky hairs, each terminating in a wee limpid drop of viscid moisture. These hairs are, in point of fact, glands—stalked, red, and hungry—and the liquid they secrete in those apparent diamonds is a sort of gastric juice or digestive fluid for the destruction and assimilation of such unhappy flies as may chance in an evil hour to flutter down and light upon them. The redness, no doubt, acts as an attractive lure: it holds out to the misguided insect some deceptive hope of the raw meat or carrion which is its proper food. As soon, however, as the poor dupe lights on the open trap, the viscid fluid pours forth upon him from a dozen small red mouths and glues him to the spot. The more he struggles the more does the liquid distil from each streaming gland. One by one the mobile hairs bend over to clasp him; the whole leaf doubles inward in a treacherous embrace; every gland centres at once upon his devoted body. Slowly he dissolves in the corroding juice, and the unconscious plant, sucking up his blood at once into its own veins and tissues, relaxes its hold at last upon the dry and flaccid shell or insect skeleton to put itself in position once more as a baited trap for some other unwary visitor.

Strange and unnatural as this contest appears between the animate and the inanimate, in which the inanimate wins—

butterwort. All the pitcher-plants, fly-traps, and other highly developed and alluring exotic carnivores, are just equally denizens of watery swamps or peaty American and Australian marshes.

Strange as it may seem, however, the very same sundew whose leaves have thus been specialised into a combined trap and stomach for catching, eating, and digesting inoffensive insects has also laid itself out in its upper storeys for the friendly services of the very flies whom its foliage so ruthlessly and cruelly devours alive. For the blossoms depend strictly for fertilisation upon the kind offices of nameless little winged visitors. As I stoop here to watch them, with the water gurgling up beneath my instep from the deep bed of sphagnum, a wee wandering fly sails eagerly up from windward, attracted no doubt by some faint and to us imperceptible perfume of honey in the nectaries of the centre, and settles for a while on the pretty white petals. It never seems for a moment to heed or observe the holocaust of shrivelled skins on the round red leaves beneath: and indeed it has no need to do so; for the stem and stalk and calyx are entirely free from glandular hairs; one might almost suppose the plant was aware that when it begins to blossom it must change its tactics—must allure the insect like a friend, instead of betraying him like an enemy. At any rate, it never harms or deceives these its floral guests; on the contrary, it lays itself out to treat them fairly and well, offering them its pretty white blossoms, that open wide in full sunshine, and a good bribe of honey, with comparative security at so high a level from its charnel-house foliage.





HIS FAVOURITE SPOT.



## THE DYING OUT OF THE MARVELLOUS.

BY DR. JESSOP.

Mr. Cadaverous has left me a legacy. The good man is dead, but he has left me his note-books. This morning I opened one of them, and found it full of ghost stories. There was a note, written in Greek and Latin, on the last page, which, being interpreted, says: "Of all that comes before this page I believe not one single word." I was angered as I read, for why should any man collect a mass of narratives which he looks upon not as mere fiction but as mere lies? This arid scepticism makes me hate my generation. What would Sir Thomas Brown have said to it if he had been so unlucky as to live in our time? I turned for relief to a voracious chronicler of the fourteenth century, who has painfully got together all he could find about the reign of King Richard II., and who has, in point of fact, left us about the best *résumé* of the years between 1393 and 1404 which any contemporary writer has handed down to us; and straightway I found myself breathing a purer air. A fig for men and women who brag of what they do not believe! As Bishop Blougram says, "What can I gain on the denying side?" If a man can't see, we pity him because he's blind. If he can't hear, we commiserate him because he's deaf. If he can't tell tea from coffee—not to speak of port from sherry—we take good care to waste no good liquor upon him. But if he can't believe because he cannot imagine anything that he cannot handle, what shall we say of him but that he is an intellectual cripple? I had a boy in my house once who was born with only one arm. He used to say he should not like to be "one of those fellows with a second arm lolloping about at his side." He could not understand what a man could do with two arms. If a man has only one arm, by all means let him make the best of it. But bragging of it—well! he'd better let that alone. Give me the man who can believe *anything*. There's some hope that he will end with a balance of ascertained certainty to his credit when he is beginning to crave less for proof than conviction and assurance.

Accordingly, I love my old chronicler. He lived in days when people were not perpetually asking "But is it true?" "Of course it's true. Do you suppose I should tell it you if it weren't?" It would not be worth my while. Invent? We chroniclers never invent; we tell our tale and leave it. The age of invention will come some day. What a stupid, dull, matter-of-fact age it will be!" My chronicler embellishes nothing—he tells a simple, unvarnished tale. Rather he has a host of marvellous tales, none the less matters of fact.

In those eleven years which my chronicler deals with, he gives us no less than fifteen marvellous stories of strange experiences which claimed to be set down in his voracious history. Would you like some specimens? Then take them as they come!

In the year 1397, says he, about the season of Lent, in a village near the town of Bedford, every evening as the sun went down, a ghostly female took to wandering about. She frequented the house of a certain widow, and she announced herself to be the widow's daughter. She declared that the widow was sure to be damned. She had buried her baby offspring in the garden behind the house, and it was all the mother's fault that the babe was born dead. So said the ghost. An animated dialogue took place between the mother and the phantom. Said the mother: "I shall not be damned, for I confessed my sin to a priest, and he gave me absolution." Said the ghost: "Mother, thou liest! and damned thou shalt be for thy sin!" Undismayed, the mother made answer: "Nay! thou art a lying spirit, that wouldst fain drive me to despair. Avaunt!" The chronicler assures us that this wrangling went on between the living and the dead very often—"fit sapius contentio inter eos"—and inasmuch as the mother stood firm, the ghost changed its tactics. The widow had a son, and he was a priest; but he was a worldly priest, and extravagantly fond of hunting. The phantom made an attack upon this priest, whose name (says my chronicler) was John Hervy. The spirit gave the parson no rest—day and night coming to him; told him he read his matins vilely, and as for his saying of the Mass, it was just shocking bad (*peissime*). John Hervy didn't care a straw, and, in fact, the ghost and the whole family got, at last, to be on such astonishingly intimate terms that the very servants used to put the ghost to proof, and made her say after them the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria, and even the very Creed and the first verse of the Gospel of St. John. All which the aforesaid ghost repeated without hesitation or stumbling. But there was one prayer which began with the words "O Jesus of Nazareth." It was an English prayer, by good luck, and then it looked as if the ghost could not manage that. It stammered and bungled and could not pronounce English; that was plain. But in process of time the spirit got over even that difficulty, and managed, it seems, to repeat anything that was put to it. For the thing went on, says my chronicler, for three years; and then the ghost grew malicious and mischievous: it took to rattling the pots and pans and doing other naughty things. Finally the ghost began to upset the great jugs of beer when they were full, and there was no knowing what might come next. . . . So. . . . Alack! there is no end to the story. My author does not pursue the subject, but in the most tantalising way leaves us to imagine the rest.

Two years after this there came a horrible portent, which disturbed men's minds exceedingly. It came to pass that in this year 1399. Of a sudden, all over England the laurels shrivelled up, and then, to the wonder of mankind, after they had all lost their leaves they grew green and fresh again—not everywhere, we are told; that was not to be expected—but in many places they recovered; that, at any rate, was cheering. People were awestruck, of course. What could it mean? Verily it meant this. Had not the King of late brought many of the nobility to shame—thrown them into prison, banished them—what not? They would be restored by-and-bye—never fear! Never fear! The laurels would come back and be green again! I suspect that the withering of the laurels was in the winter time, for my chronicler says that in the spring—even during the season of Lent—a certain holy hermit, William Norham by name, presented himself before the Archbishop of Canterbury solemnly declaring that he had a message "from Him it was not safe to disobey" which he had to deliver to the King and his great ones. Strange to say, the Archbishop brought him to the King. "If," said King Richard, "you are on such intimate terms with God Almighty, go and walk barefoot on yonder water, and then we shall know whether you're a true messenger!" The hermit was equal to the occasion. "I profess to do no miracles. I leave that to my betters. Nevertheless, I warn thee, O King, that thou scorn not my message, or woe to thee and thine!" So spake the hermit; but the King threw him into jail, and there he lay for four long years,

during which time all the evils that he had prophesied came to pass. But when they let him out, and Henry IV. was on the throne, the wretched man tried the same little game a second time. This time he did not fare so well, for King Henry laid his hands upon him at York and hanged him for a rogue; though, says my authority, he was beyond doubt a holy man, for his hair shirt had actually eaten into his flesh, and he had never worn shoes upon his feet for many years, except when he said his Mass; and he had made a pilgrimage to Rome too, and flesh meat had never entered his mouth for years and years, and yet they hanged him for a traitor. Oh! the pity of it!

You must not expect that I should tell you all my chronicler's stories. No! I must leave out the story of the devil of Danbury; and I cannot stop to explain how that awful prophecy came true which frightened the King so much—as well it might—

Scarcely two years on  
Will last the pomp of John!

Nor may I tell about the hobgoblins that kept up an infernal battle in the neighbourhood of Biggleswade. Indeed, I can only give you a taste of the many good things that are ready to hand, but I positively must add a word about the dragon of Sudbury. There can be no sort of doubt about that dragon. He appeared in the year 1405, and he took possession of a portion of Sir Richard de Waldegrave's property, and that same property (Bures) belongs to his descendants to this day, so it must be true. The people turned out in force against that dragon—yea, all the servants of Sir Richard. But the darts that were hurled against him rebounded, says my chronicler, as if they had been hurled at a hard rock, and the arrows that hit the spine of his back (*spinam dorsum*) went flying away from it in awful fashion, and they gave it up for a while. At last the whole country turned out to slay that dragon; but when the dragon saw that he was going to be attacked in earnest, being a wary dragon, he betook himself to a swamp or lake thereabout—I daresay it's there now—and he went and hid himself in the reeds, and he never more was seen. What a dreary, monotonous, uneventful age we live in! We have sneered the ghosts and dragons away. We feed our children upon grammar and the multiplication table. Yet there are wonders still if we had but eyes to see them.

## SANS-SOUCI.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

Of all the places and objects which attract the visitor to Berlin, Sans-Souci, Frederick the Great's palace-cottage of



SANS-SOUCI, POTSDAM, ONE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PALACES.

"No-Bother," at Potsdam, is certainly the most interesting. It is a testimony to the universality of that monarch's genius—for what is genius but a general faculty capable of successful application in any special direction?—that he devised this charming *villegiatura* himself, as witness the pen-and-ink sketch-plan of palace and terraces in his own hand, which now forms one of the most sacred relics within the edifice. Completed towards the end of the second Silesian War—which had not prevented Frederick from devoting his thoughts to simultaneous works of art and peace—Sans-Souci was intended by its royal builder to be a sort of Prussian Temple of the Muses, and during the long interval between the Peace of Dresden and the Seven Years' War it was his habitual summer residence and Tusculum. Unsoftened and unsweetened by the presence of women—who never formed a recognised element at Frederick's Court—it was a singular atmosphere that pervaded the palace and purlieus of Sans-Souci, deriving its flavour at once from the severe simplicity of Sparta and the cultured elegance of Athens. Here it was, in the gilded dining-room under the dome of his haunt of *insouciance*—and who has not seen Adolph Menzel's picture of such a scene?—that Frederick sat emitting sparks of wit and wisdom among his knights of the Round Table, which at one time included Voltaire and those two "ever valiant and approved Scots," the brothers Keith (the Earl-Marshall and the Field-Marshall, though they are often confounded). But perhaps the most interesting thing in all the palace is the Voltaire apartment, of which Frederick caused the carved walls to be emblazoned with all the animals typifying the vices and frailties of the author of the "Henriade"—the ape, the parrot, the peacock, the stork, the fox, the goat, and even the polecat. But that was after the king of poets and the poet-king had fallen out and the former had taken final leave of the Solomon of the North. It is a curious thing that this palace should be chiefly associated at once with the wisest and strongest as well as with the weakest and most unwise of the kings of Prussia, for Frederick William IV. was fond of living in it, and, indeed, I am not sure that he did not, like Frederick, breathe his last there. Frederick's other favourite abode at Potsdam, the New Palace, has also been selected by the present Emperor as his summer residence; but he, very much more than his granduncle, the "Romanticist on the throne of the Cæsars," is entitled to associate himself with the memory of the hero of the Seven Years' War, seeing that, beyond all question, and by the common consent of those who know him best, William II. is by far the most capable all-round monarch who has ascended the throne of Prussia since it was vacated by Frederick the Great.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

IX.

A Letter from the Rev. Eugene Plumbury to his Double, on the subject of their unfortunate Resemblance.

My dear Sir,—Ever since my work first brought me to London, I have been constantly annoyed and distressed by being mistaken for you. You, Sir, as far as I have been able to understand, are not an ordained priest of the Church of England; but the resemblance between us is so strong that my cloth affords me no protection. Just outside the Athenæum, the other day, an extremely offensive and red-nosed person walked up to me, hit me on the shoulder, and said in a loud voice: "Well, here's a go! I am surprised! The very last man I should have thought would have taken orders! How on earth did you get a bishop to ordain you?" I may add that the bishop who actually *did* ordain me was standing only a yard or two off, and heard all this. Further comment is needless.

It seems to me, Sir, that your friends are almost all of them loud-voiced. The other morning I was waiting to cross Piccadilly Circus, when my hat was knocked over my eyes and I was greeted with an invitation to drink which might have been heard at Charing Cross. I never, never drink in the middle of the morning. Imagine how unpleasant it must be for me to be publicly asked to drink with an entire stranger, whose chief characteristics are a check suit, a cheap cigar, a loud voice, and no manners whatever. No reputation, however good, can survive this kind of thing for long. I really must protest. If you must select your friends entirely from the vulgar and the habitually intemperate, that, I suppose, is no business of mine. But when these friends constantly insist on taking me for you, then I surely have some right to speak.

Why, Sir, I cannot always persuade them that I am *not* you. The other day a little old man, unshaven and generally unclean, insisted on sharing a garden-seat on the top of an omnibus with me. Fortunately, his voice was not loud: he spoke in a husky, mysterious whisper, and he had obviously been drinking. "Look 'ere, 'Arry, old man," he said, "this is a bit too thick, you know. You'll be getting yourself into trouble for impersonatin'." I told him that I did not know him, and that if he continued to annoy me I would speak to the conductor; but that did not stop him. "Cap-i-tal!" he said, grinning and rubbing his dirty hands together. "An' ain't 'e got the voice, too—the reg'lar, old-fashioned, parsonic voice? But look 'ere—we're pals—what's your lay? You needn't mind me. I'm not goin' to let on to no one. Don't you remember when you got yourself up as the drunken sailor, down at Hendon? I thought I should ha' died o' laughin' that dye!" Then he began to laugh, and kept on laughing. "It's the 'umer of the situation whort gets over me," he gasped. I got off the omnibus, and he followed me, still laughing. I had to take a cab to escape from him.

The horrible thought has occurred to me that if your friends, when they see me, believe that you are masquerading as a clergyman, my friends, when they see you, may believe that I have adopted the dress of a layman. I am well aware that the resemblance between us is not your fault, and that you are not responsible for the action of your friends and acquaintances. I do not blame you. I simply ask you if these mistakes cannot somehow be stopped. I would grow a beard if I could, but I am not able. Perhaps you would not mind growing a beard. Even a moustache would be something. In your case it would even be a mark of distinction.

But this is no subject for jesting. My reputation as a clergyman is at stake, and I trust that you will do what you can to save it. As I do not know your address, I am compelled—as you see—to print this letter publicly, in the hope that it may attract the attention of you, the person who is like me.

It has just occurred to me that no reader of this Paper can know whether he is like me or not, until he knows what I am like. It is too late to have a wood-cut inserted, but I may add that I am considered to be rather like the pictures of Shakespeare.

Faithfully yours,

EUGENE PLUMBURY.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Earl Cadogan to be a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, in the room of the late Earl Granville.

The African native choir appeared, by command of the Queen, at Osborne on July 24, and sang before her Majesty. At the close of the concert the Queen expressed herself as follows: "I am very pleased to see you here this afternoon, and admire your singing very much." Her Majesty requested the presentation to her of a member of the choir who fought against the British in the Basuto war, this ceremony being followed by the presentation of the two little Kafir boys who are members of the choir. During the brief interview, and, indeed, several times during the concert, the Queen laughed heartily.

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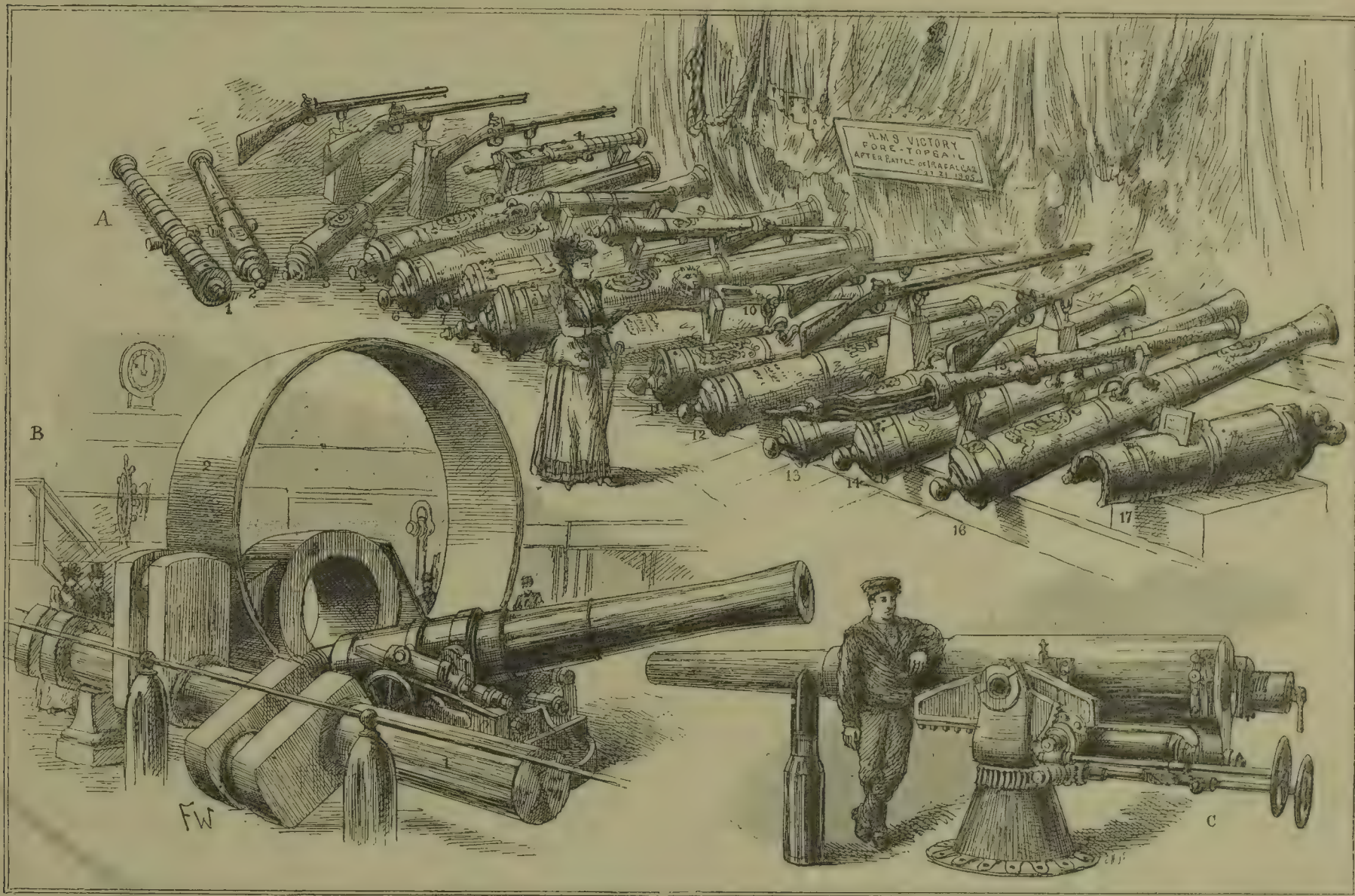
## A FALLACY OF MR. HOWELLS'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The friends of romance pray daily, but almost without hope, for the conversion of Mr. W. D. Howells. At this hour he is impenitent, and the best we can hope for is that his is a case of "invincible ignorance." Mr. Howells is not content with monthly blaspheming against romance in the magazine of Messrs. Harper. He has reproduced a variety of his remarks in a little volume, "Criticism and Fiction" (Osgood and McIlvaine). It is on almost the last page that Mr. Howells propounds his most remarkable fallacy. As his readers know, he thinks himself a democrat, and he regards all aristocratic literature as more or less superannuated. Now, there is a great deal to be said in favour of this part of his opinions. All good literature, with scarcely an exception, is aristocratic, is for the few, the remnant, the people with leisure, or, if not with leisure, with that great energy which makes time for study. Such persons, whether they make their leisure, like Burns, or are born to it, are the few, and many of them are the best, not necessarily by birth, but by the gift of Heaven. Keats, Hogg, Chatterton, Burns, Crabbe were aristocrats in this sense. Born to poverty, in lowly place, in narrow circumstances, they were intellectually of the few,

time disdains the office of teacher is one of the last refuges of the aristocratic spirit, which is disappearing from politics and society, and is now seeking to shelter itself in æsthetics." This may not exactly mean that, in Mr. Howells's opinion, all art should be consciously and wilfully didactic. He may, perhaps, only be talking of the moment, "in the mean time." Probably he would not deny that the greatest monuments of art, in literature, are only didactic incidentally: that Homer is "tonic," as Mr. Matthew Arnold used to say, without intending to be "tonic," but merely through his nobility and wisdom. Again, in "The Antiquary," Scott has drawn an unrivalled picture of the endurance and resolution of the poor, but he did not write "The Antiquary" with that set purpose before him. Mr. Howells, one presumes, would admit so much, and would not ask all literature to be a series of social sermons. On the other hand, what would he say to poetry in general, to Virgil, Horace, Theocritus, and the majority? They are decidedly aristocratic: only the comparatively few, in any age, can enjoy them, because Nature has only given the power of doing so to the few, without distinction of class. Burns probably appreciated Theocritus much more than the Duke of Queensberry did. Most of the great poets are disinterested. They fight for no cause; they merely respond to and interpret the beauty and variety, the mirth and melancholy

Mr. Howells has proved, but they, and people like them, are not all the world. Thousands of exciting and ennobling stories are true; the marvellous is true very often. The conquest of Mexico is as true as the last election of a beadle. To confine literary art to the ordinary is, to be "exclusive," and to be exclusive is to be aristocratic in the worst sense of the word. "The vulgar many," as Mr. Howells disdainfully declares (just as John Knox talked of "the rascall multitude"), very much prefer the romantic, though they are not always very dainty in choosing the right sort of romance. They will not be dictated to by that literary aristocrat Mr. Howells. They will not prefer Miss Wilkins and the other American ladies to dime novels about Red Indians. Where the people had a literature, an oral literature, of its own, that literature was invariably romantic. All *Märchen*, all epics like the "Kalewala" (a thing absolutely of the people), all ballads, all sagas, are romantic—indeed, from them written literature has inherited romance. Sainte-Beuve truly says, in writing about Perrault's tales, that without ancient examples and models such things could no longer be invented. Anyone who reads Miss Balfour's Lincolnshire tales in the last number of *Folk Lore* will see a good example of pure romance in popular fancy. But this is only an instance: the delight of the people has ever been romance, the marvellous in event, the true in passion and conduct. Tracts of all sorts, of Mr. Howells's or of any other, are imposed from above by people who wish to be teachers. In Europe and America the old popular literatures are dying out. But as far as the people have still any taste for anything but newspapers,



## A.—ANCIENT AND MODERN GUNS.

1. Wrought-iron Serpent Gun, of the period of Henry VI., A.D. 1422—1461.
2. Brass Saker, of Henry VIII., 1529.
3. Saker of Edward VI., 1550.
4. Brass Falconet, 1650.
5. Brass Culverin, of Henry VIII., recovered from the Mary Rose, sunk off Portsmouth in 1545.
6. Brass Demi-Cannon, of Henry VIII., recovered from the Mary Rose.
7. Brass Culverin Bastard, of Henry VIII.

8. Brass Cannon Royal, of Henry VIII.
9. Brass Falcon, of Charles I., 1638.
10. Swivel Gun, dug up at Amsterdam.
11. Brass Minion, of the time of Charles II., 1676.
12. Brass Minion, of William and Mary, 1695.
13. Brass Minion, of Queen Anne's reign, 1706.
14. Brass 3-pounder Gun, George II., date 1742.
15. Ancient Long Gun, fished up in a net off Dover.
16. English Brass heavy 6-pounder Gun, 1774.
17. 32-pounder Carronade, which was on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Edinburgh at the battle of St. Jean

d'Acre, in 1840. This gun was struck by a shell from the enemy after it was loaded, which prevented its being again fired, and the shot still remains in it; all the gun's crew were either killed or wounded; the commander, the master, a midshipman, and four men were wounded by the same shell.

## B.—EXHIBIT OF SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH AND CO.

1. Three-throw Crank-Shaft for H.M.S. Junna.
2. Weldless Boiler Shell.

3. Forging of Trunnion Hoop for Breech-loading Gun 13½-in. calibre; weight of gun, 68 tons.

## C.—EXHIBIT OF THE MAXIM-NORDENFELDT GUN CO.

45-pounder Quick-Firing Gun; on the naval recoil mounting; weight of gun, 2½ tons; weight of mounting, 2 tons; length of gun over all, 231 in.; length of bore, 189 in.; calibre, 4.72 in.; velocity of shot, 1786 ft. per second at 1000 yards' distance.

## ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.—ANCIENT AND MODERN GUNS; CRANK-SHAFT AND BOILER-SHELL.

of the aristocracy. Their literature also is, was, and will be for the few, though Hogg composed some songs which were popular. His "Kilmeny" was not for the multitude, nor his "Confessions of a Justified Sinner." In like manner, the subject of Crabbe, powerfully and luridly treated, was the annals of the poor. Now the democratic Mr. Howells declares that "if Art does not make itself the friend of Need, it must perish." No fear of good art perishing, unless the mob or the undergraduates burn it, in the Commune or in a quadrangle of Christ Church. Mr. Howells probably means, as he is talking of literature, that art which is not the friend of need will cease to find readers. The case of Crabbe shows that very great and true and powerful art, devoted to the cause of poverty, is almost friendless. Crabbe has dropped out of view. Meanwhile, Keats, who did not discuss social questions in verse, is more read than ever, while, of all poets after Shakspeare, perhaps Scott, a true friend of the poor, but not a poet of poverty, has most readers among the simple. No doubt Burns owes much of his popularity to his democratic spirit, but Burns had his moments, and they were many, of aristocratic sentiment. He defended the house of Stuart in prose and verse; he praised Claverhouse more warmly than ever Sir Walter praised him. In short, he was a poet, and his lyre thrilled to every wind of the spirit, not to one alone. Now, this is what the exclusiveness of Mr. Howells cannot endure. "The art which in the mean

of the world. Poverty and sorrow and labour do not make all the burden of their verse; the voices of mortal misfortune only enter into the great chorus of all voices; the "sad pageant of men's miseries" does not fill all their stage. To enjoy them, to take pleasure in

All the charm of all the Muses,  
Flourishing often in some lonely word,

is a gift of Nature to the very few—not to the rich or the noble, but to the born aristocrats of the spirit. Thus literature is, and inevitably must be, aristocratic. More and more, in modern democracy, literature dwindles. Greek is dying out; Latin is Hebrew to the House of Commons. So it must inevitably be, and so far Mr. Howells is right. Literature is, and will remain, aristocratic, except, perhaps, in the drama. The groundlings of Elizabeth's time applauded no plays not written in that noble style of the great age, and Shakspeare, himself aristocratic in temper, abides the most popular of poets on the stage.

Meanwhile, Mr. Howells, without being aware of it, and merely because he is a man of letters, is aristocratic himself, in a way peculiarly narrow. He maintains that "realism," as it is called, in literature is alone truly democratic. "Democracy in literature wishes to know and tell the truth"; and, without noticing it, Mr. Howells confuses the true with the ordinary. In his mind, democratic literature should mainly deal with the commonest exhibitions of mortal existence—for example, with beery journalists and their jealous termagants of wives. They, too, no doubt, may be made matter of literature, as, indeed,

it is true to romance, if it be but to the novel in a weekly newspaper or "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," or M. Xavier de Montépin in *Le Petit Journal*. Does Mr. Howells imagine that the laborious classes, when they do read for pleasure, study "A Village Tragedy"? Mr. Howells's fallacy is to confuse the true with the ordinary, and to be an exclusive aristocrat in literature while he fancies himself a democrat. Democracy may, and probably will, neglect, if it does not destroy, all the great old literature of the world—all the arts, what is left of them—but the seeds of romance are as indestructible as the American weed.

Of two things democracy must do one or the other. It may raise the bulk of mankind to a high level of leisure and cultivation. In that happy case the best literature of the world will have a wide audience; those who now are few will then be many. Or democracy may bring anarchy and barbarism. In that event the old barbaric taste will revive and adopt the old forms, which are invariably, and without exception, romantic. The future of flat, didactic, and usually affected commonplace is an impossible future. It is Homer and Virgil, or it is fairy tale and myth, that await the world; it is not Mrs. Jones, Miss Brown, and Mr. Dawkins, nor any such authors.

Meanwhile, it may or may not be a consolation to Mr. Howells to observe that while the populace, the "Vulgar Many," are doggedly romantic, the "smart people" who care for literature are very much of his own mind. Intellectual peers and dames joy greatly in Count Tolstol and in realism. The public likes "Robbery under Arms" and Mr. Hume Nisbet's Bushrangers. Social aristocrats are won over, but who shall win over Tom, Dick, and Harriet?





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"THE SERVANT MAID."—BY MISS CONSTANCE PHILLOTT.

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*From a Photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove.*

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."



## LITERATURE.

## THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

*Dictionary of National Biography.* Vol. XXVII. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The withdrawal of Mr. Leslie Stephen from the editorship of this monumental work has fortunately not terminated his labours as a contributor, and his successor, Mr. Sidney Lee, shows himself fully worthy of his sole responsibility. Probably nothing in the sphere of editorship needs so nice a discrimination as the choice of subjects for biography and the allotment of space in a volume of this calibre. It is impossible to say that Mr. Lee has anywhere erred in his proportions. His own contributions are models of measured information. Perhaps the two best articles in the present volume are Mr. Lee's account of the Judicious Hooker, and Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay on the life and philosophy of Hobbes. In both, the facts are necessarily compressed, and there is little opening for ornaments of style or elaborate reflection. But the reader cannot fail to acquire a very fair grasp of the subject, and, what is better still, a disposition to pursue the study in more detail elsewhere. Possibly Mr. Austin Dobson's fourteen pages about Hogarth show a little too much latitude, though, on the other hand, this particular volume is not rich in very celebrated personages. The trouble with Mr. Dobson is that he is prone to repeat the exaggerated praises which have been lavished on Hogarth, who is treated as if he were not only a consummate artist, but also a superlative moralist. "There is a sermon in a dial," says Mr. Dobson, "a moral in a cobweb, a text in a paper of tobacco." Well, there may be, but it is this very obtrusiveness of morals which weakens Hogarth's art. One gets weary of these lectures from inanimate objects. If we must be preached at, let it be done by articulate beings, and not by chairs and tables. The characteristic of Hogarth which Mr. Dobson singles out for eulogy becomes as tiresome and inartistic mannerism as Dickens's everlasting harping on things of wood and stone, as if they were sentient creatures. Another biographer, Mr. G. Aitchison, A.R.A., makes a singular mistake about Frank Holl. "Probably," says this writer, "no portrait-painter of any age has executed so much first-rate work in so short a time." Now, the truth about Holl is that he painted too fast and too much. The temptation to earn great sums was too strong for him, so he shortened his life and cheapened his gifts. If this were stated in a *National Biography* it might have some wholesome effect; but instead we have Mr. Aitchison's cheery commonplace. From the article on Thomas Holloway, the patent-medicine man, many people will be surprised to learn that his offer to bestow some of his money on his native town of Devonport was not well received by the municipal authorities. Had they conscientious objections to pills and ointment, or was it feared that Mr. Holloway might expect to be elected mayor? Mr. Rigg's sympathetic sketch of Daniel Home, the original of "Sludge the Medium," will attract no small attention, on account of the writer's manifest belief that Home's spiritualistic performances were quite genuine. According to this version, men eminent in science, literature, and politics were convinced of Home's supernatural powers, which are set forth with great fullness. True, Mr. Rigg observes that this history "presents a curious and as yet unsolved problem," but the bias in Home's favour is distinct. It is pleasant to be reminded of the weaknesses of philosophers, and Mr. Francis Espinasse makes a sly point against David Hume by quoting his ridiculous assertion that John Home, the author of "Douglas," had the genius of Shakespeare without its "unhappy barbarism." However, Hume redeemed his reputation by bequeathing Home six dozen of port with the condition that he was to finish a bottle at two sittings. Dr. Garnett's article on Thomas Hood is somewhat meagre, and there is a curious inconsequence in the judgment on Hood's powers. "His great and unique reputation," says Dr. Garnett, "rests upon the performances which combined poetry and humour." But in the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," which Dr. Garnett justly says are Hood's most famous poems, and "two of the rarest achievements of contemporary verse," Hood certainly does not figure as the humourist. He was the prince of jesters, no doubt, but his fame rests securely on his serious work.

## ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

*The Architecture of the Renaissance in England.* By Alfred Gotch and W. Talbot Brown. Part I. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1891.)—This is the first instalment of a work which, if carried out in the spirit here shown, will take its place as a standard authority upon the "stately homes of England" long after the buildings themselves have lost all trace of their original beauty. The revival, or it may with more truth be said the birth, of domestic architecture in this country dates from the reign of Elizabeth. The Civil Wars—at least, those of Succession—were closed, and moat-surrounded castles were no longer needed; a prolonged period of firm government had made the country rich; and the taste of the nobility and landed gentry, widened by foreign travel, soon showed itself in building fine houses. The Cecils were almost the first in the field, but they were not long without rivals and followers. Burghley House was probably begun even in Mary's reign, but its most characteristic features were not added until her successor was firmly established on the throne. Haddon Hall, the home of Dorothy Vernon; Hardwick Hall, "more glass than wall," built by the much-married "Bess of Hardwick," and many another "stately dwelling and a rich," like Justice Shallow's, were erected before Shakespeare began to write. Very often fantastic conceits, such as we find in the literature of the time, are to be traced not only in the decoration, but even in the plans of these Elizabethan houses—as, for instance, Longford Castle, built in the form of a triangle—while others, out of compliment to the Queen, were in the shape of the letter E.

The period which the authors propose to treat in their work is that covered by the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and extends from the time of John Thorpe almost to that of Inigo Jones. By the aid of the camera we have here presented to us in a manner hitherto unattempted the *chefs-d'œuvre* of many unknown architects; and we can realise more accurately than by the means of the drawings of Nash or Proust the stonework and woodwork of our forefathers. The editors of this work, moreover, by giving photographic details of each building, render to their brother architects a service which laymen are unable to appreciate fully. But laymen and craftsmen alike will recognise the beauty and value of such buildings as the Hall of the Wood, near Bolton; Apeltorpe Hall, the seat of the Fanes; Broughton Castle, the home of the Fiennes; and other still more stately but better known houses.

## JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

Mrs. Ireland has executed a difficult task with much ability and literary skill. For those who have not read Mrs. Carlyle's letters the book\* cannot but prove of great interest; and even persons to whom the letters are familiar will find something worth study in Mrs. Ireland's presentation of that strangely assorted pair—a nineteenth-century prophet and a nineteenth-century prophet's wife. The biographer holds the balance with a steady hand; she feels not only that Jane Carlyle can gain nothing by injustice to her husband, but that justice to one of the wedded couple really demands and involves justice to both. It is a question whether prophets ought to marry. We do not find it mentioned of that bare-footed Carmelite, Elijah the Tishbite, that he had a wife: his manners at the domestic table might have been trying; he was well content with the hollow of the torrent-bed, the ravens of the hills, and Jehovah. Perhaps our modern Elijah should have objurgated and vaticinated in solitude from some wilderness of peat. But Carlyle had a tender heart, and a need of human love and human care. And, if a prophet is to have a wedded helpmate, he may think himself not ill provided if she be of the kind of Jane Welsh Carlyle. The speaker in Mr. Browning's "Fifine at the Fair" compares woman, in her relation to the man she loves, to a rillet which runs to the sea and is lost in it—

Rillet that giving all and taking naught in turn  
Goes headlong to her death in the sea, without concern  
For the old inland life, snow-soft and silver-clear,  
That's woman—typified from Fifine to Elvire.

To which any honest feminine audience should respond with cries of "No! no!" There is the feminine creature, like Jane Carlyle, who gives faithful and indefatigable service all her life long, but who is never absorbed; never attains the Nirvana of absolute passion, never, indeed, forfeits an atom of her individuality, carries with her into everything a vivid sense of her own personal existence and personal character, her personal rights and wrongs. And there are men who love her the better because she remains herself, and who would not



JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

exchange her for any ecstatic, self-annihilating feminine rillet on the face of the globe. Your oceanic prophet surely should not crave to have his vastitude augmented by a rivulet's dainty life. Something distinctively not himself should be far more interesting, far more helpful to him than an amiable echo or a tender shadow. Comradeship is better for him than identity, and in comradeship there should be an element of wholesome opposition.

But to carry through such comradeship happily and successfully to the end needs a good deal of skill in the art of life. And Mrs. Carlyle, with all her brilliant gifts, her keen insight into facts, her swift and uncompromising veracity, her energy, her shrewdness, her wit, lacked something of genius in that most difficult of the fine arts. How clever it is to flash forth the sudden rapier of gleaming epigram! Yes, but how much more clever it often is to forbear and be silent! There were deep fountains of tenderness in her husband's nature which were unsealed by her death: was it entirely his fault that they did not flow forth more freely during her life? Her task, indeed, was not an easy one. To dandle a babe of genius, who kicks against circumstance so desperately and utters portentous outcries to heaven and earth, is a difficult task; but the inherited craft of woman should be equal to it. Perhaps Jane Carlyle too quickly accepted failure in her first hope and first endeavour—to be everything to her husband; and then bravely set herself to that which she reckoned the second-best—to do everything for him. And perhaps she was a little wanting in the patience of hope, and was a little too prone to swift and decisive and final solutions of the perplexities of life.

Some wealthy benefactor of mankind would do well to endow in one of our universities a professorship of the science of wedded happiness; a three-years course of lectures should be compulsory on all our young barbarians, so that a little light, if no more, might struggle through the thick cloud of youth and male obtuseness, and the complexity of the science, if nothing else, might be in some measure perceived. Mrs. Ireland's volume would serve as a useful text-book. A series of examination papers could be framed of increasing

\* *Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. London: Chatto and Windus, 1891.

difficulty from elementary up to transcendental matrimoniology. "On what occasions should a husband of narrow means provide a carriage for dinners and evening parties? When may he ask his wife to trudge on foot?" "Write the answer of a man of letters who has been invited, without his wife, to a great lady's country-house." There are tyros to whom such questions as these would present difficulties. And from beggarly elements like these a graduated advance might be made to those all but insoluble problems in wedded life which are connected with faith and morals, the casuistry of the passions, and the treatment of an affliction that grievously troubled Carlyle, the "real mental agony in his ain inside." Even to get into a youth's empty head the definitions of domestic equilibrium, potential energy, stress, tension, and pressure would not be without its uses.

If one might find a fault with Mrs. Ireland's presentation of her subject, perhaps it would not be far wrong to say that she has dwelt too much on the painful side of Mrs. Carlyle's married experience, and has not brought forward with sufficient force its compensating gains. "We see in needleworks and embroideries," Bacon wrote, "it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground." Let us suppose—what is not quite certain—that the ground of Jane Carlyle's life was dark; it is the task of the biographic artist to embroider as much lively work as possible upon the sad and solemn ground. In the case of Carlyle himself we are uplifted from his depths and his glooms by a constant sense of the greatness of his achievement; we know that if he suffered, he—and we with him—obtained a glorious recompense. The sorrows of his wife's story do not always carry with them this sustaining sense of compensation; and there is hence more need of bringing forward everything that is bright, lest we should feel the story to be unduly depressing. I venture to think that Mrs. Ireland has followed a little too much the guidance of Mr. Froude, and has not sufficiently laid to heart the admirable traversing of Mr. Froude's allegations by Carlyle's old friend Professor Masson. Carlyle was not being killed every time he called out "Murder!" nor was Jane Carlyle. Notwithstanding the reaction of Carlyle against Rousseauish sentimentalism, there was always in him something of Rousseau's spirit of revolt against many of the conditions of life and Rousseau's habit of self-confession. Nor did his wife quite escape from the trick of expressing herself with over-vividness. Undoubtedly, if both of them had "shut their mouths" at certain times, they would have found themselves "in a more compact and pious frame of mind." Apart from ill-health and the sufferings linked with the joys of his temperament, Carlyle's life was not an exceptionally gloomy or tragic life. Professor Masson's interpretation of that life leaves upon me a convincing impression of fidelity. Nor, as it seems to me, was Jane Carlyle's life quite as sorrowful as it appears in Mrs. Ireland's picture, which, however, is one very honestly and very skilfully wrought out.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, states that Robert Browning was a great admirer of Matthew Arnold's poems, particularly "The Scholar-Gipsy" or "The Gipsy-Scholar," as Mrs. Orr calls it. "I think there can be no unkindness," she adds, "in saying that Mr. Arnold was less just towards him."

We are threatened by an *édition de luxe* of Lord Lytton's novels, limited to 500 copies and enriched by photogravures especially engraved for this edition. An *édition de luxe* generally presupposes a cultivated book-buyer. Are there 500 cultivated book-buyers left who have not long since "found out" Lord Lytton's position as a novelist?

*The English Historical Review*, edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner and Reginald Lane Poole, and published by Longmans, is always full of interesting matter—interesting, at least, to people who buy five editions of Bishop Stubbs's "Constitutional History" and two or three editions of Professor Freeman's "Norman Conquest." In the new number Mr. James Gairdner continues the discussion of the question "Did Henry VII. murder the Princes?" Mr. Gairdner's name has been associated somewhat with the whitewashing of Richard III., but even he stops short before the daring of his pupil, Mr. Clements Markham, who has argued for Richard's innocence of the murder of his nephews in an earlier number of the *Review*. Anyway, Junius, the Man in the Iron Mask, and the Princes in the Tower make life sweet for a great many discussion-loving people!

When is the "Life of Coleridge" by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge to appear? The book will form the most important addition to biographical literature that has been seen for many a day. By the way, Mr. J. Dykes Campbell is editing a new edition of Coleridge's poetical works—a gratifying fact for those who know that Mr. Campbell is the greatest living authority on Coleridge.

The amusing volume of verses "Lapsus Calami," by J. K. S. (Macmillan and Bowes, of Cambridge), has got into a second edition very quickly. But the possessors of the first thousand copies will feel just a little irritated that, in the words of the new preface, "nearly half of the old book is omitted and more than half of this book is new."

Rolf Boldrewood (Mr. T. A. Browne) is not dead after all. Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish two more novels from his pen, under the titles of "Nevermore" and "A Sydney Side Saxon."

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"William Wordsworth," by Elizabeth Wordsworth (Percival and Co.); "The Works of Heinrich Heine," Vol. I. ("Florentine Nights," &c.), translated from the German by C. G. Leland (W. Heinemann); "Official Guide to the London and North-Western Railway," illustrated (Cassells); "Cousins," by L. B. Walford (Spencer Blackett); "Hamura: a Tale of an Unknown Land," by H. S. Lockhart-Ross (Digby and Long); "Four Months of Bohemia: Being the Actual Experience of a Tyro in the Profession of Literature," by George Eyre-Todd (W. Hodge and Co., Glasgow); "Dutiful Daughters: a Tale of London Life," by H. Sutherland Edwards (Eden, Remington, and Co.); "Twenty Modern Men," from the *National Observer* (E. Arnold, 37, Bedford Street); "Captain Lanagan's Log: Passages in the Life of a Merchant Skipper," by E. Downey (Ward and Downey); "Die Drehung der Erdkruste: Eine Neue Geologisch-Astronomische Hypothese" (Böcklein, Munich); "Salads and Sandwiches. Receipts for Making Them," by T. Herbert (Sampson Low); "French Examination Papers: Set at Cambridge Local Examinations from 1881 to 1890," edited by O. Baumann (Crosby Lockwood).



## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

It is a fine, bright morning, and, as we stand here on Bothwell Brig, one of the great landmarks in Scottish history, the scene of loveliness and peace around contrasts strangely with that fierce struggle on this spot, in 1679, between Monmouth and the Covenanters. Far up the valley, there, the silvery and winding reaches of the Clyde are glistening in the clear spring sunshine. On the right bank is a long stretch of level haugh, or holm, all clad in fresh verdure, and fringed with stately beeches, elms, and towering Scotch firs, whose huge red trunks stand out in the sunlight, in contrast with their dark foliage, bright as pillars of ruddy ore. One mile south of that belt of woodland, and surrounded by immemorial elms, is Hamilton Palace, the princely residence of the Duke of Hamilton, the premier peer of Scotland, while half a mile to the south-east, situated amid scenery than which there is nothing more picturesque of its kind in Scotland, lies Bothwell Castle, the ancient home of the Douglasses, the most powerful family, and really the "King-makers," of Scottish history.

Passing along the picturesque highway, which is in reality a shady avenue, lined on either side with stately chestnuts, beeches, and elms of several generations' growth, we approach a fine gateway of the Elizabethan style of architecture, which recalls, as a momentary dream, some of the romantic corners of Haddon Hall. As we saunter across the greensward of the demesne, enamelled with countless crocuses and primroses, the

the Earl of Home, whose Countess, who died in 1877, was heiress of the last Earl of Douglas.

Bothwell's halls have long been hushed in the silence of decay. A strange calm pervades the grass-grown courtyard, and the bright spring sunshine lights up the patches of green moss and golden stonecrop on the grim red walls. Sitting here in the clear sunlight, amid boughs of fresh, opening green, and sweet bird minstrelsy, and gazing on the graceful sweep made by the Clyde round "Bothwell Banks," celebrated for centuries in Scottish song, we wonder not that Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister Dorothy, looked long on this same scene in an ecstasy of admiration. And, as we reluctantly leave the charming glades, the lines of Wordsworth's sonnet come unbidden to our lips—

Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times, the brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.

L.

## WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.

The south coast of England, though its climate is less bracing in summer, presents far more diversity of attractive scenery than the east coast; and Weymouth, for autumn and winter resort, is not only a delightful place of sojourn, and, indeed, of permanent abode, but is well suited to those whose constitutions require a lighter and drier atmosphere than that of South Devon. Its air is reputed to be of a quality midway

including Melcombe Regis, on the opposite side of the little harbour, with several rising suburbs. Its Corporation has proceeded with great enterprise in various improvements, and lately contracted a loan to the amount of £117,000. The beautiful Esplanade, which was already more than a mile long, has been further extended; the harbour has been deepened and widened; a grand new hotel is to be erected by the municipality, at a cost of £40,000; public gardens have been formed, and good accommodation has been provided for the steam-boats, those running to the Channel Islands and to Cherbourg having an important traffic. The value of building-land for mansions and villas around Weymouth is steadily increasing; and much interest has been taken in the sale of the Bincleaves estate, at Rodwell, on the hill south of the town, a site admirably suitable for such a purpose, commanding the grandest views both east and west.

This hill, called the Nothe, rises directly above the harbour and the old town, and the Rambler over its heights may look in every direction on scenes of delightful and surprising aspect to the farthest reach of his eyesight. On one side is Weymouth Bay, with the coast as far as St. Alban's (or St. Aldhelm's) Head; on the other side is the much greater "West Bay," here so called, which comprises the Dorsetshire coast from Bridport to Lyme Regis, the East Devon coast, by Seaton, Sidmouth, and Exmouth, and that of South Devon, from Dawlish and Teignmouth, and Torbay, to the Start Point. Immediately in front, as it were rising out of the sea, is the huge bulk of Portland, with its breakwater,



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

blackbirds call and answer from the budding elms, the lark has become "a sightless song" in the far-off blue, while the building rook sends down his hoarse jovial call filtered through half a league of clear air.

Yonder, through the trees, and glowing in the bright sunshine, ruddy and warm-looking, are the battlemented walls and towers of Bothwell Castle, the home of the Douglasses during the reigns of many of the kings of the hapless house of Stuart. Nowhere in Scotland has the grandeur of this stately ruin been outmatched, towering on the summit of the red-sandstone crag which overhangs the silvery Clyde, which murmurs far below between its densely wooded banks. Built early in the fourteenth century, it is a magnificent specimen of the Norman style of architecture, and consists of a large oblong quadrangle flanked towards the south by two circular towers, covering altogether an area of 234 ft. in length and 100 ft. in breadth. The battlements are 60 ft. from the ground, and some parts of the walls are 14 ft. thick. At the east end are the ruins of the chapel, with shafted windows, and containing a font and an altar stance in fair preservation.

The picturesque and extensive lands of Bothwell passed, by marriage, in 1242, from David de Clifford into the hands of the Murrays. From the Murrays they passed, in 1361, likewise by marriage, to the all-powerful house of Douglas. After their forfeiture, in 1453, the castle and lands were bestowed by James III. on his minion, Sir John Ramsay, and afterwards were given to Patrick Hepburn, Lord Hales, who was created Earl of Bothwell—a title which became extinct in 1642. After having retained the castle and domains for four years, he exchanged them for Liddesdale and Hermitage with Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus. Thus, Bothwell Castle reverted to the Douglasses, and at present is owned by

between the air of Brighton and of Torquay, being mild but not too soft, refreshing, invigorating, but never boisterous; and, with a clear seaward aspect to the south-east, it is sheltered from the colder and rougher winds. This advantage is owing to its position at the inner angle of a noble bay, extending from the Bill of Portland to St. Alban's Head, the western side of which is protected by the long and high promontory called the Isle of Portland; while its north and north-east shores, being the coast of a hilly country, are of considerable elevation, displaying cliff ranges, in the distant prospect, of a very remarkable configuration. The fine, smooth, firm sands, gently and evenly descending, the purity of the sea-water, and the safety for bathers also recommend Weymouth as a place of summer marine recreation, and it is at all seasons one of the healthiest towns in England. Every visitor who makes short excursions in the neighbourhood must be struck by the interesting topographical features he will discover: there is Portland, with its stupendous mass of rock; Chesil Beach, twelve miles long, a marvellous barrier, composed wholly of smooth rounded pebbles, cast up in layers, or successive banks, accurately sorted by their size, of which there is another example at Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire; the fair lagoons, or inlets of water, one near the town, called Radipole Lake, another extending from Wyke Regis, by Fleet, to Abbotsbury; and the chalk Downs, rising inland, on the road to Dorchester, with "barrows" and many objects of antiquarian inspection. The geologist, the botanist, or naturalist has plenty of opportunities for study.

Weymouth became famous as a seaside holiday or health-seeking retreat in the middle of the last century, and is historically celebrated as the favourite residence of King George III. The old town of Weymouth is merged in the new,

forming in the roadstead a secure harbour for the largest fleet of British war-ships. The great fortress of the Verne and the great Convict Prison stand high on Portland; the stone-quarries, worked by Government convict labour, are on the west side, and several hamlets or small villages on the east. If anyone desires to explore Portland, keeping out of the way of the convict establishment, he may walk to the extreme point, some five miles, and enjoy the immense sea-view from the lighthouse. On the road, about halfway, in a green spot which cheers the weary pedestrian amid the stony waste of arid rocks, is Pennsylvania Castle, a mansion built by one of the Penns. Near this are the ruins of an ancient church and of Rufus Castle, possibly built by William Rufus, also called "Bow and Arrow," from its walls being loopholed for archery. Returning from Portland to Weymouth, and passing by Rodwell, the ruins of Sandsfoot Castle will reward inspection. This castle was one of those built by Henry VIII. to defend the coast against French attacks. Its destruction, popularly ascribed to Cromwell, may have been caused by the sinking of its foundations in the crumbling sandstone cliff.

Pleasant walks or drives amidst verdant rural scenery are to be got on the north or inland side of Weymouth. Radipole, two miles from the town, is a pretty place, with a colony of swans, from the famous great swannery of Abbotsbury, Lord Ilchester's seat, under the care of the Corporation on the charming lake. Farther up the valley of the Wey, at the rustic village of Upwey, is the "Wishing Well," to which the townsfolk and visitors often resort for a picnic, and fondly make believe to try their fortunes by complying with an ancient superstitious fancy. So much for Weymouth and its neighbourhood.





VIEWS OF WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.





THE STOLEN STEED,



## WHAT IS IT TO BE KING?

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

From street-balconies, in halls and theatres, or humbly standing by the roadside, we have seen much of princes and kings of late; and how much more have we heard and read of them—tireless emperors, brooding czars, love-lorn Ferdinands of Roumania, Russian Nickys, Greek Georges, grandsons of *galantuomo* grandfathers—sovereign personages of all nations and degrees? The young princes, we may flatter ourselves, we understand more or less; but, though we look at him with all our eyes and wonder about him in the closest embrace of thought, it is not easy to make out what a king is to himself when he takes his kingship seriously. There was the King of Yvetot, who did not; and him we understand. But if we may trust eyes and ears and all manner of testimony, there is no king in real life so natural as the creature of Beranger's fancy.

What is it to be a king, like Louis XVI. or George IV., or like the present King of Prussia or the ruler of Muscovy, for we may call him king too? Is it so great a thing as we make of it in imagination? and how much of imagination has the exalted one himself to employ to sustain the difference between himself and others? Where the sovereign is practically despotic—as in Germany and Russia, for example—he has a power which is not in the least imaginary; but it is a power that extends far beyond the making and unmaking of fortunes, or the giving or withholding of honours. By dark looks, by cold or contemptuous words, by the turn of a shoulder, he is able to work all the effects of misery and shame; and that in the hearts of the proudest. The scorn of a wilderness of wise men would not have shocked my Lord Duke half as much as when his sovereign turned his back on him, from some unexplained caprice, while he was speaking. That was a fixed disgrace, as much beyond opinion as if the stigma had descended from heaven. Yet imagination alone made of it so devastating a misery; the sufferer drew his pain from some fanciful attribution of qualities to the inflictor of it which could be conferred on none but the king. But what did the king himself think about it? Did he feel himself naturally possessed of some Olympian right to do as he did, intending the consequences? Or did he feel as he got into his nightgown that evening that his mighty murderous airs were those of a necessary imposture more or less? I read somewhere a little while ago that, the doors being closed upon any potentate, he becomes aware at once that he is but human. No matter how great he may be—a Napoleon, a Russian Nicholas, a William II. of Germany—as soon as he sits down in the solitude of his own room something happens to him which corresponds to the transformation of the Grand Monarch in Mr. Thackeray's famous sketches. The wig comes off, the buckram gives out, the lofty heels sink into slippers, the king is but a man and he is conscious of it. I wonder how much that is true, and what the royal man thinks of himself when the daily divestiture takes place. Of course all depends upon the amount of man in him. Supposing him a Frederic the Great, there can be little or no change; for he never has anything to do with the wig and the high-heeled shoes as components of majesty; no buckram, either of external or internal application, stiffens his height; he has no mask of cold *hauteur* to take off, no "front of Mars" to drop with clattering sabre and shining cuirass. The man is the king and the king the man, and there is no moment of conscious difference for him. But all kings are not of the Frederic kind, even when they are sufficiently deserving of the name of king; and must needs distinguish between what they are and the part they have to play. From none of these shall we ever know what they think of themselves *en deshabille*. They will not confess, and it is for the public good that none of them should do so; though it would be pretty to hear them speak of the matter in a Palace of Truth. One there is who proclaims openly, in a Protestant State swarming with philosophers, that he is not to be mistaken for anything but King by the direct appointment and maintenance of God. By immediate commission from on high, he is to rule his country as he pleases, the consent of the country being neither here nor there in his sublime case. When his Majesty goes home after one of these declarations, puts off his lustrous accoutrements, slips into an easy jacket, drops into a cosy chair, and comes to his very self over a Dutch cigar, does he continue to believe in the direct Divine commission? Does he say to himself, as the speech of the afternoon runs through his mind, "It is true, no doubt of it!" And if so, how does a man feel who believes, even while he takes his evening pipe, that, as king, his hand is the hand and his will the will of an unerring and a just God?

It is much to be a king when such a belief can be confidently held—much to live reasonably in so splendid a delusion. But perhaps nobody ever did. Of course it may be that being born and bred a king may make a difference—which, however, is just what we do not know; but we are able to decide that Bedlam is full of precisely similar delusions, and that if there be not a sort of madness here it is a kind of imposture bred upon tradition and cherished partly for love and partly for business. And no doubt that is what his Majesty knows it to be when he dwindles to his true regal self in the light at the end of the Dutch cigar. How many other and feebler pretensions, pretensions habitual and allowed, fall away from kings when they are out of sight of all but themselves may be partly imagined; and also how peculiarly naked they feel on such occasions. How often, indeed, may these pretensions be felt as a humiliation and a bore at the time of their display, though they are not to be got rid of at any price. One would think that to be a king, *not* of the Frederic kind, must be to a man of heart and sense a double life; humiliation within exaltation; too much a matter of forms and trappings, of costuming and posturing, and painful observation of royal p's and q's: all very well for persons of histrionic mind whose earthly paradise is behind the footlights, but with heavy drawbacks for the betters of such persons. Yet most of us, no doubt, would prefer to be kings, though between that state of life and this of the jolly bricklayer who goes singing past my window to his work in the freshness of the summer morning there is many a one of far greater freedom and happiness—perhaps even, from the nature of things, of nobility.

## THE ROUMANIAN ROYAL ROMANCE.

Of late "Rumour with her thousand tongues" has been spreading abroad many ingeniously differentiated versions of a love-tale the hero of which is Heir Apparent to the Dacian throne, and the heroine a member of the royal household at Bucharest and Sinaia, maid-of-honour and private secretary to her Majesty the Queen of Roumania. Very little correct information has as yet obtained publicity with respect to this "modern instance" of "the old, old story," and, strange to say—although the affair in question has been under discussion for some weeks—no inconsiderable uncertainty appears to prevail among the general public and news-purveyors as to the personal history, birth, extraction, and parentage of at least one of the chief actors in the family drama of which Roumania still anxiously awaits the final *dénouement*. It may be as well, therefore, before setting down a plain statement of facts connected with this matter, and communicated to us on unimpeachable authority, to rectify certain errors that have obtained currency with relation to the personality of the high-spirited young gentleman whose ardent desire to espouse one of his royal uncle's most amiable and accomplished subjects has recently brewed an uncommonly noisy storm in a remarkably small teacup.

A few years ago, the richest of all the non-regnant princes in Germany was Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, a grandson of the "beau sabreur" Joachim Murat, King of Naples under the first Napoleonic dispensation, and married to a granddaughter of Josephine de Beauharnais, sometime Empress of the French. Prince Anthony, as he was popularly styled, had resigned his sovereign rights in favour of Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, who conferred upon him the title of "Royal Highness" as a *quid pro quo*. His union with Princess Josephine of Baden was productive of three sons and a daughter—Leopold Stephen, the present head of the princely house of Hohenzollern, and immortalised in history as having, innocently enough, furnished the pretext for the provocation offered to Prussia by France on July 15, 1870; Charles Pitel, elected Prince of Roumania in April 1866, married three years later to Princess Pauline Elisabeth of Wied, and proclaimed King on March 26, 1881; Frederick Eugene, now a colonel of Prussian cavalry; and Marie Louise, married to Philip, Count of Flanders, and Belgian Heir Apparent. The only issue of the Prince of Roumania's marriage to the gifted lady who, under the assumed name of "Carmen Sylva," has earned universal fame as a poet and dramatist, was a female child, born in the autumn of 1870, and who unfortunately died of paludal fever just as she had emerged from infancy. Some years after the death of the little Princess it was semi-officially announced at Bucharest that, in the opinion of the faculty, there was no human probability that Queen Elisabeth would again become pregnant. This fact was known to the King and Legislature of Roumania early in 1878, and during the Congress held at Berlin in the summer of that year Messrs. Bratiano and Kogalniceanu took the sense of the great European Powers as to what expedient for assuring the Roumanian succession would be most uniformly satisfactory. There was a consensus of opinion with respect to the desirability of keeping the succession in the princely house of Hohenzollern; and when Roumania was raised to royal rank in the comity of nations, three years later, the Chambers at Bucharest intimated their respectful desire that King Charles should adopt one of his nephews, nominating him Roumanian Crown Prince and heir to the throne.

The King's elder brother, Leopold of Hohenzollern—he to whom the crown of Spain had been offered in 1870—had three sons by his marriage to an Infanta of Portugal, and it was at first proposed that the succession to the Iron Crown of Dacia should be assured to the eldest of these princes, a godson of the first German Emperor. Prince Leopold, however, pointed out that his son William, the "Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen," being his own first-born and natural successor, could not change his nationality or accept the reversion of an alien throne. It was speedily settled between King Charles and his brother that the latter's second son, Prince Ferdinand Victor Albert Mainrad, then (1881) a lad of sixteen, should become a Roumanian by adoption, with heirship to the throne; and this arrangement obtained the absolute sanction and approval of the Roumanian Parliament. As soon as the necessary "constitutional formalities" had been fulfilled, the young prince was summoned to Roumania, where he became an inmate of his royal uncle's palace, and applied himself to the study of the language, history, and literature of his adoptive country. Being a youth of ardent temperament and enterprising disposition, he engaged rather precociously in one or two impetuous incursions into the *pays du tendre* during his first summer sojourn at Castle Pelesch, the country seat of King Carol and Queen "Carmen Sylva." Roumanian society, however, is exceptionally tolerant of indiscretions prompted by the dictates of amorous passion, and it inclined to regard Prince Ferdinand's boyish escapades as of happy augury—in the light, indeed, of the qualifications for the high office he had been singled out to hold at some future date. The great Boyars were encouraged to hope that their King to be would turn out a credit to the "fair and lovely land" (*scumpă țeară si frumoasă*) whose capital has been aptly nicknamed "The City of Pleasure."

Mdlle. Hélène Vacaresco is a young lady of noble birth and varied accomplishments equally remarkable as a linguist, musician, and draughtswoman. She has been Queen Elisabeth's "reader," private secretary, and favourite companion for some years, and was in attendance upon her Majesty during the royal lady's visit to this country a few months ago, when many distinguished members of English society made Mdlle. Vacaresco's acquaintance, and were agreeably surprised by her familiarity with our language and literature. With this gifted "demoiselle d'honneur" Prince Ferdinand has been constantly brought into contact in the private apartments of his royal aunt, who has treated Hélène Vacaresco more like a younger sister than an attendant. Youth, propinquity, and the damsel's many physical and intellectual attractions are accountable for the Heir Apparent's eager proposal to make her his wife. The opposition, however, offered to his wishes by Roumanian public opinion, as well as by his own relatives, was so vigorous that his Royal Highness has been induced to renounce his heart's desire, and the matter is stated to be entirely at an end.

## AT CHESTER FESTIVAL.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES.

Chester (like Stratford-on-Avon) is a town invariably thronged by Americans but somewhat neglected by the average Englishman, unless there happens to be a Cathedral Festival announced. Then people become aware that Chester is not only near the Duke of Westminster's seat Eaton Hall, but possesses an exquisitely restored cathedral, one side of which is completely covered by a series of cartoon-like mosaics only just completed. They marvel at the old walls associated with old battles and old royal escapes; they stand on the watch-tower from which his Majesty Charles II. watched the fight at Rowton before flying to Worcester; they pace marvellous covered ways and examine the ancient houses which make Chester more like old Antwerp than England—in fact, as the votaries of sacred music hurry to and fro from their quaint lodgings, they find themselves transported into quite Elizabethan times; and many who have merely come up to hear Anna Williams, Lloyd, or Albani in "Elijah" or "The Golden Legend" wonder why they have never visited Chester before for its own sake.

The festival programme, on which the patrons the Prince and Princess of Wales appear as "the Count and Countess of Chester," further convicts the average Englishman of ignorance and neglect, reminding him of the old and royal prestige of a town which he has hardly ever read of in books, much less visited.

But what, it will be asked, were the points of the late festival. For all musical festivals in cathedral towns have a sameness about them. First, although "the Count and Countess of Chester" were not there, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster were: the Duchess, charmingly attired in grey silk, wearing that famous pearl necklace—with pearls as big as cherries, which, it is said, a London jeweller comes down periodically to "air," whatever that means—walked into the cathedral on the "St. Paul" day, accompanied by the Duke and suite. I noticed among them Hamilton Aidé, Lord Cobham, the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, Lady Lathom, and others. The Duke and Duchess afterwards honoured the worshipful Mayor, good Mr. Brone, with their presence at luncheon, and subsequently attended several other performances, notably Berlioz's "Faust" and Dr. Bridge's "Rudel," on which occasion, instead of occupying the front seats reserved for the ducal party, the Duchess had the good musical sense to sit halfway down the room, where, of course, the music sounded twice as well. Her Grace, who conversed freely with the Mayor's guests and visitors before luncheon, expressed herself highly gratified with the performance of "St. Paul," especially admiring "Sleepers, awake," and winning all hearts, as she is wont to do, by her unaffected simplicity and dignity of manner, and graceful, but evidently sincere, cordiality.

The festival was not without its hitches, but the ability and promptness of Dr. J. F. Bridge and the complaisance of the leading singers overcame all difficulties. In the first place, Miss Macintyre, announced for "Faust," telegraphed that she was "indisposed," and the medical certificate followed. Mrs. Henschel was sent for, and took Marguerite's part at short notice, acquitting herself with great dramatic power, completely to the satisfaction of the audience. Next Miss Damian never turned up at the rehearsal of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," and so Dr. Bridge elected wisely to cancel her engagement, and Miss Marian McKenzie took her place. It would be a good thing if this rule were oftener observed. No singer, however eminent, should be allowed to imperil an *ensemble* because it may be convenient or agreeable to accept an engagement instead of attending a rehearsal. Miss Damian's singing at the concert on the last night in "Elijah" fully atoned for any momentary anxiety which her failure to appear may have caused, and it must be added that in the hands, or rather at the mouth, of Marian McKenzie, the music certainly did not suffer. A great deal of heavy work was put upon Miss Anna Williams, who has hardly yet recovered from a bad attack of influenza. She was accompanied by her charming little hospital nurse, who wrapped her up and attended her constantly to and fro, and, although Miss Williams was not able to be present at the Mayor's luncheon, and refrained from all the festival dissipation, she got through her work in first-rate form, exciting the liveliest admiration in "St. Paul" and Dvorák's difficult "Stabat" by the bell-like and silvery clearness of her upper notes, as well as by her breadth and finish of style. Positively the influenza seems to have agreed with her: it has been enforced rest—the very hardest thing for a popular singer to obtain. Dr. Bridge's "Rudel," produced expressly for this festival, proved a popular success. The hall was crowded, and the talented organist of Chester received something like an ovation, due not only to the brightness and ability of his composition, but to his unceasing labours to bring his band and chorus to a state of perfection which was really quite remarkable. Of Mr. Lloyd's singing it is hardly necessary to speak; he is the successor of Sims Reeves in popular as in artistic estimation, and no greater compliment could be paid him. Mr. Pierpoint scored as bass, though many people regretted the absence of Brereton; and Iver McKay filled the tenor parts in Spohr's "Last Judgment" admirably. The concerted singing in the "Last Judgment," by the way, was somehow better at the rehearsal than at the performance—a thing which very seldom happens. Of course, captious critics can always pick holes. To my mind, for instance, the "Dance of Sylphs" in "Faust" was taken too slow and went a little heavily. The "Tannhäuser" overture flagged, and, considering the very heavy and continuous strain put upon him, Dr. Bridge would have done well to allow Willy Hess to relieve him occasionally at the conductor's desk. One of the brightest features in the concert-room was Willy Hess's splendid violin solo playing. His *technique* was perfection, and his breadth of tone and style worthy of Joachim. We are glad to learn that the proceeds of the festival more than cover expenses, but we are sure that if the collection at the cathedral had been better organised there would have been a much more handsome balance in the hands of the management. Plates and pew to pew should be the order of the day.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In reply to a correspondent who has asked me to give a few facts regarding serpent-poison and its antidotes, I may refer him for the latest information I know of on that topic to the researches of Dr. T. Lauder Brunton on the "Snake Poisons of India." Weir Mitchell's "Studies of Rattlesnake-Poison" may also be consulted; while Vincent Richards's "Landmarks of Snake-Poison Literature," and Sir J. Fayer's book on Indian snakes should also be noted as standard works on the subject. The difficulty of finding a common antidote for snake-poison really depends on the fact that the venom of one species of snake is chemically different from that of another, and each poison has, therefore, to be treated, as it were, on its merits. At large, however, snake-poison acts fatally by depressing the heart and respiration, and by interfering materially with the oxidation of the blood. Dr. Brunton tells us that both cobra and rattlesnake venoms kill by paralysing the breathing; while in cases in which the dose of poison has not been excessive, symptoms of blood-poisoning become manifest.

Regarding the nature of serpent-venom, it is very interesting to discover that the poison-gland of a snake is really a modified salivary gland. Saliva would thus appear to be a fluid which, both in health and disease, is liable to acquire poisonous properties. The serpent represents a case of natural modification of its salivary secretion, while a mad or rabid dog illustrates how saliva may acquire virulent qualities under the influence of disease. The hint thus thrown out by a study of what the serpent's poison apparatus really is has not been lost on investigators. It is clear the venom is allied to some of those organic substances produced in the course of the decomposition of living matter, and known as *ptomaines*. Serpent-poison is thus an "albumose" substance, and as such is related very closely, of course, to living matter and to nitrogenous substances. According to Dr. Weir Mitchell, rattlesnake-virus contains three substances, whereof one is innocuous, while one (globulin) acts poisonously on the blood, heart, and respiration, and the other (albumose) on the tissues themselves. Rattlesnake-poison seems to contain a large proportion of the globulins, but cobra-poison is not rich in these elements.

Various chemical antidotes have been from time to time employed for the cure of snake-bite, but hitherto with comparatively scant success. Excision of the part, and ligatures to prevent the spread of the poison through the body, form, of course, a mode of treatment known to every ambulance student. The question of antidotes, however, is a much more difficult one, for the reason already given—that of the variations in the chemical nature of different venoms. Permanganate of potash, a substance which yields oxygen rapidly, has thus been recommended. It certainly destroys cobra-poison if it is directly mixed with the venom; but, as may be expected, it has no effect if merely employed as an application to the bitten part. Injected into the tissues of a bitten animal, a 1-per-cent. solution of the permanganate has been successfully employed, however; and, therefore, this particular antidote may be kept in view by those interested in the subject. Strychnine is the latest remedy I have heard of, this drug being a powerful stimulant of the nerve-centres which control the breathing function. Dr. Brunton speaks hopefully of its use in snake-bite, and I understand it has been successfully used by medical men abroad.

We are reminded, also, that diffusible stimulants, and plenty of them, are usually given in cases of snake-poisoning; and, of course, the most readily procured fluid of this nature is alcohol. Plenty of whisky and brandy is administered, the effect of this treatment, according to Dr. Brunton, being, however, not to stimulate the nerve centres, as is usually supposed, but to act locally on the stomach. He has formed the opinion that when snake-bite occurs, the system makes an endeavour to throw off the poison, and the stomach is one of the channels apparently chosen for this purpose. If, therefore, the poison is thrown into the digestive system, there must exist a danger of its being reabsorbed into the blood, thus producing a fatal result. The administration of brandy, Dr. Brunton holds, has the effect of destroying the venom in the stomach by coagulating it, and is thus likely to prove useful as an aid to the strychnine treatment already mentioned. Finally, there is a suggestion about snake-poisoning which is worth mentioning as a contribution to future research. It has been shown that a tendency exists on the part of the animal frame to acquire a power of resistance to the action of snake-poison. Animals have apparently been rendered incapable of injury after a snake-bite through previous inoculation with small amounts of venom, presumably belonging to the same species of snake afterwards used to attack the protected subjects. There may be a wide field of inquiry to be opened up in this direction, although the plan indicated will prove of little service unless it can be shown that such inoculation, say, by one kind of venom, would render men or animals safe from the bites of all species of poisonous snakes.

The opening day of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in London is Aug. 10. The discussion at a focal point, as it were, of matters relating to the physical welfare of mankind, and to the conditions on which depend our freedom from the attack of the diseases which decimate our race, must exercise an appreciable and beneficial effect upon sanitary science at large. The coming congress, it seems, will present just sufficient of the popular element to render it attractive to those members of the public who take an interest in sanitary science. Ladies, I observe, are invited to attend the meetings of the congress; and it is to be hoped they will respond to the invitation. I can imagine nothing more useful, to any woman for example, than the proceedings of the sections relative to the welfare of children and to their healthy education. If the congress accomplishes nothing else than giving an impetus to the public study of health, it will have achieved a very important result in relation to the welfare of the community at large.

A very interesting pamphlet, entitled "Pure Spring Water Supply for London," has been sent me, and I venture to think Londoners at large (including those in high places) could not do better than peruse this brochure, with the view of seeing how easily and cheaply ten millions of gallons of water could at present be brought to London from the county of Middlesex itself, while twenty million gallons could be had daily by a further development of the system of sinking adits. The promoter of this scheme is Mr. George Webster, of Harefield Grove, Middlesex, and I learn that easements for the conveyance of the water (a pure and wholesome supply) to London have been obtained from the parties who own the routes to the Metropolis. After recent revelations by Dr. Blaxall regarding the pollution of the Thames, it is hoped London will bestir itself in the matter of pure water supply, and Mr. Webster has at least shown the feasibility of a cheap and satisfactory scheme.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. BARRETT.—We do not think it necessary that there should be a mate in the given number of moves to every reply of Black. Such a canon of criticism would rule out a large number of first-class problems.

F. G. TUCKER (Bristol).—The unpublished problem is too easy, but we shall be glad to hear from you again.

C. W. (Sunbury).—We are obliged by your courtesy, but regret that, owing to the long interval since publication, it is now too late to notice the work. Probably another edition will be wanted shortly, and we can then take the opportunity of reviewing it. If you are still composing we should be pleased to have an example of your skill.

T. LIVERMORE (Worcester, Mass.).—We have thought the better and shorter way of answering your letter was to hand it over to Mr. Gossip himself.

W. BINEHAM (Newham).—You forget that we must allow time to our numerous distant solvers, as well as a little license to the slow ones nearer home.

Dr. F. ST.—Please look again at No. 2467, and carefully consider the defence of P to Q 3rd.

E. P. VULLIAMY.—What is wrong with 1. Q to B 6th that it should not do for a solution?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2451 to 2453 received from Dr. P. B. Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2459 from J. Gordon Macpherson (Grahamstown, South Africa); and L. C. B. (Agra, India); of No. 2460 from J. G. Macpherson; of No. 2461 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastri (Tumkur); of No. 2463 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2464 from W. Barrett; of No. 2465 from R. H. Brooks, Joseph T. Pullen (Lancaster), T. G. (Ware), C. E. Perugini, E. G. Boys, and C. M. A. B.; of No. 2466 from W. Barrett, L. Schla (Vienna), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), E. G. Boys, C. E. Perugini, T. G. (Ware), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. T. Pullen, A. S. (The Hague), Edward Bygott, R. Lines (Chatham), D. Gowers (Haverhill), and R. H. Logee.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2467 received from E. E. H. D. McCoy (Galway), R. Louden, R. H. Brooks, Martin M. E. Bygott, N. Harris, Shadforth, Dr. G. E. Anderson (Cookham), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T. Roberts, Dawn, Julia Shortt, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. Perugini, J. Coad, Dr. Waltz (Ostend), W. Barrett, Columbus, T. G. (Ware), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), T. Brandreth, Hereward, B. D. Knox, Major Dalby (Ealing), Sorrento (Dawlish), T. B. (New York), W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Alpha, W. R. Hatfield, W. R. B. (Plymouth), J. Dixon, A. Newman, E. P. Vulliamy, and W. Wright.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2465.—By E. B. SCHWANN.

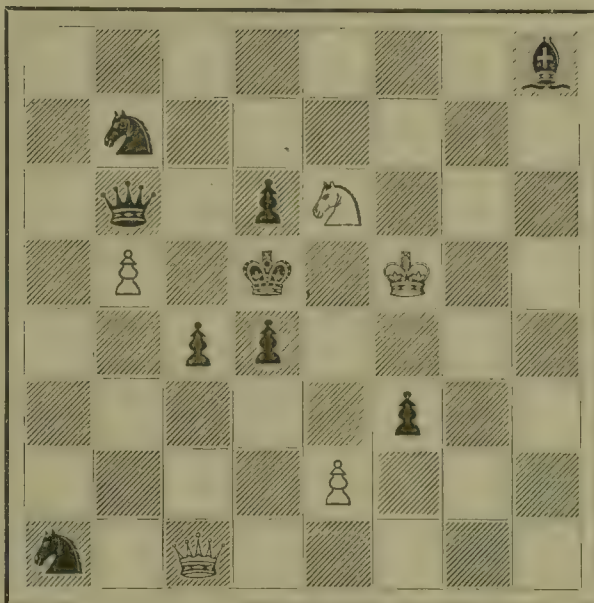
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q 6th. K to B 5th.  
2. Kt to K Kt 2nd (ch). K to Kt 4th.  
3. Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to Q Kt 5th (ch); if 1. P takes Kt, 2. Q to B 4th; if 1. P takes P, 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); if 1. R to Kt 2nd, 2. Kt to Q B 4th; if 1. Kt takes R, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch), &c.

## PROBLEM No. 2469.

By HERWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tournament between Messrs. LEE and FENTON. (Zukertort Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F. J. Lee).	BLACK (Mr. R. F. Fenton).	WHITE (Mr. F. J. Lee).	BLACK (Mr. R. F. Fenton).
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	There is no time for this counter-attack on the Queen's wing, but White has little else to do.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd		
3. P to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19.	P to B 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	20. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	21. Q to B 2nd	B to B sq
6. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	22. P to R 3rd	P to Kt 4th
7. Castles	P to B 4th	23. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. Q takes Kt	P to B 6th
9. B to Kt 2nd	Castles		
10. R. to B sq	R to B sq	Black's play at this point is exceedingly accurate. He has the advantage of position; but a slip might quickly undo all he has previously gained.	
11. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th	25. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P
12. B takes Kt	P takes B	26. P takes P	R to B 3rd
13. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	27. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q R to K B sq
14. K R to Q sq	P to Q R 3rd	28. P to Kt 5th	R (B 3rd) to B 2nd
15. Kt to B sq		29. Q to R 4th	
There are already indications that White's position is not an easy one to play, and there appears nothing better than this move. P to B 3rd will not relieve him, and in other directions his forces are somewhat blocked.		P to Kt 6th certainly seems more troubling to Black, at any rate, it leads to some interesting variations.	
15.	Q to B 2nd	29.	P to Kt 3rd
16. Q to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq	30. Kt to K 4th	R to R 2nd
17. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th	31. Q to Kt 3rd	R to R 6th
The natural move, but one of singular strength, as it thwarts White in more ways than one.		And wins the Queen. The feature of this game is the capital play of Black, particularly after move 21, or thereabouts. White's play, on the other hand, is not up to his average.	
18. P to Q 5th	B to Q 3rd		
19. P to Q R 3rd			

Game played at Oliphant's Restaurant between Messrs. JACOBS and TINSLEY. (Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H. J.).	BLACK (Mr. S. T.).	WHITE (Mr. H. J.).	BLACK (Mr. S. T.).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Q takes R P	B to Q 3rd
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Q to K 3rd	
It is usual to retake the Pawn at once with Queen. The text move, however, is favoured by the second player as often leading to interesting complications.		He has gained a Pawn and comes back to disturb Black's determined occupation of the Q 6th square, but overlooks that there is something else on.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	15.	B takes P (ch)
4. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	16. K takes B	Q takes R
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 4th	17. Q to B 5th	
6. B to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	To stop Castling, and also with the view of P to Q 4th and B to K Kt 5th later.	
7. P to B 3rd	B to Q 6th	17.	R to Q 4th
Much turns upon this move of Black, the occupation of this square before the White Q P is moved being of great importance.		18. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Q sq
8. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. K to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 4th (ch)
9. Kt to K sq	Kt to K 4th	20. K to R 4th	P to R 3rd
10. Kt takes B		21. Q to B 3rd	R takes Kt P
He should rather have forced Black to take by P to K 4th.		22. P to Q 4th	
10.	Kt takes Kt	At last, but it is too late now. The game affords an excellent illustration of the danger of delaying this most important move.	
11. Q to B 2nd	R to Q sq	22.	Q to R 8th (ch)
12. B takes Kt	Q takes B	23. Q to R 3rd	P to Kt 4th (ch)
13. Q to R 4th (ch)	P to Kt 4th	24. B takes P (ch)	P takes B, Mate.

The authorities of the German Exhibition intend to hold a chess tournament, the arrangements for which are now in hand. Herr E. Lasker is also to be engaged for exhibition play.

A companion work to "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern" is now in the press under the title of "Chess Endings." The editors are Messrs. Freeborough and Ranken, and the book will probably appear in September.

The annual meeting of the Counties Chess Association will commence on Monday, Aug. 3, in the hall of Pembroke College, Oxford, when three tournaments are on the programme. Some strong players are expected to compete.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is pleasant to hear how thoroughly and simply the German Empress has enjoyed her holiday with her little sons on the English eastern coast. The place where they have stayed, Felixstowe, is very quiet, and not in itself particularly attractive. But the Empress secured peace and privacy there, and she has been daily seen sitting upon the beach, with her little lads playing round her and perpetually appealing for her attention, just as any affectionate middle-class mother might be seen. Doubtless this royal lady, freed for the moment from the thousand distractions and the endless ceremonial ties of her daily life, enjoys her holiday with her children more even than the ordinary middle-class mother. It is surely misreading the conditions of royal life to talk of maternal love as a singular virtue when it is shown by a Queen. To have leisure to be with her children, to enjoy their affection, to guide their minds, and care for their pleasures, is to any woman worthy of her motherhood a privilege and a happiness, and we may be sure that it is no less appreciated because of rank and station.

This is why human lots are so much more equal in reality than appears at a casual glance; because the great sources—the only indispensable elements—of human happiness may be enjoyed equally, or, alas! missed equally, in the palace and the cottage. The precious vessel of happiness, from which the soul may daily drink and be satisfied, rests upon the tripod stays of Health, Love, and Competence. What is competence depends on the training and the tastes and the wisdom of the individual, to so large an extent that many a peasant enjoys it, while many a peer lacks it. A loveless home, though it be lined with downy softness, and beautified for the eye by art, and enriched with all the variety that literature gives the mind, is still but an abode of restless dissatisfaction. Nor can anything external console or delight one whose bones ache and whose pulses throb with pain. The sad Queen of Roumania, turning to literature to assuage the wretchedness of her heart after losing her only darling child, may well be pitied by every more fortunate mother; but an Empress need not be envied by any woman who shares with her the privileges of maternal love and personal health. Queen Victoria, who has given the world such interesting glimpses into the unaffected human nature that is behind the purple curtain that shields royalty, again and again declares her happiness to have the same elements as yours and mine, and none other. "Trials we must have, but what are they if we are together?"—she writes of her wedded love; and constantly her allusions to the joy of returning to her children after absence display equally ardent recognition of the blessing of motherly affection, unchanged, unimproved, and unalloyed by sovereign state, wealth, and power.

Goodwood and Cowes and the end of the season are here! Messrs. Redfern have been making some new dresses for the Princess of Wales for the yachting week, from which it is apparent that H.R.H. is at length going quite out of mourning. For a few weeks, early in the season, the Princess wore deep black, and ever since she has appeared (except in the evenings on State occasions) only in the half-mourning tones, grey and heliotrope. The object of this attention was said to be a Danish lady, a friend of the Princess's girlhood. The two Redfern dresses for Cowes however, are respectively of navy blue and red serge.

The blue has a plain close-fitting skirt, having the back in large double box-pleats; the top of the deep hem is indicated by a single line of narrow gold braid. The bodice part of this costume is a long-skirted navy serge coat, opening away from the front, to be worn over a silk shirt. The coat has revers at the top, and is edged along them, and all round as well, with narrow gold braid. The plainness of the waist of the skirt is relieved by a half-Swiss belt—i.e., the point turned downward, but cut off at the top, level with the waist-band; this half-belt also is edged with the gold braid. The Princess is having several silk blouses or shirts sent to wear with this dress. One is in very narrow red-and-white striped silk; another, plain white; and a third, indigo blue. The second dress is of red serge, braided in a sort of Greek key design round the foot with white braid an inch wide. A full vest of white silk forms the centre of the bodice, and the long red serge coat has its edges trimmed with the white braid.

With the season, of course, the Italian Opera also closes. Madame Nordica's appearance was delayed this year till the last week but one of the season; but when she came she acted (in "Aida") with such fire and vigour, and sang with such sweet strength, as to make her hearers regret that so few appearances had been given her this season. She is one of the excellent singers whom America has produced; she was born in the State of Maine, and received her musical education almost entirely in Boston, only going to Italy for special operatic training. She was a Miss Norton, and, after a few years on the stage, married Mr. Gower, one of the inventors of the Gower-Bell telephone. At his request, she resigned the profession, but it was not by her own will. (What would be thought of a woman who asked a great artist to resign his art to devote himself to her on their marriage?) When Mr. Gower died, his widow returned to the triumphs of the platform and the stage, much to the public benefit. She makes a large income; her mother keeps house for her in their home at Finchley. Miss Eames and Miss Sybil Sanderson are also natives of the United States; Madame Albani is a Canadian, and Madame Melba an Australian.

Sir Augustus and Lady Harris gave one of the last and one of the most successful parties of the season on July 25. They live in the house at St. John's Wood which was once the abode of Mario. It is not a very large house, but it is surrounded by extensive grounds, full of fine old trees—a mulberry-tree among the many elms that give their name to the place. The pathway by which the house is approached is a long one, and passes in front of a church, which itself stands in a garden, so that "The Elms" is far removed from the street, and the quiet and leafiness of the garden give one the restful impression of being far away in the country. There gathered a really remarkable party. Lord Lathom (the Lord Chamberlain) and other peers and some peeresses mixed with the aristocracy of music, literature, and the stage. Mr. Harry Nicholls showed the gold snuff-box, adorned with a large W and an imperial crown in diamonds, that was the German Emperor's gift to the sheriff. Madame Nordica, in a dove-grey silk with shaded stripes of a blue tinge; Miss Mary Moore, in a white flowered delaine, Miss Marion Lea, in a pale heliotrope crêpe; and Mlle. Zarfretta, the naughty heroine of "L'Enfant Prodigue," in a charming costume with pink yoke and sleeves and trained pinafore. Princess dress of blue brocade, contested the palm of beauty. Mrs. Bancroft carried a tiny King Charles spaniel about. M. Edouard de Reszke looked as big off the stage as on. M. Tivadar Nachez was most popular with the prettiest ladies. Madame Marian Mackenzie's unpainted face with its natural bloom, and her pretty auburn hair, were delightful matches to the natural freshness of the trees, and were shown to advantage by a blue Bengaline gown; and Miss Fanny Brough, in a black-and-gold foulard, was also charming by her unaffected looks and ways. There were some three hundred guests. It would be hard for anybody else but Sir Augustus Harris to get together such a company.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 22, 1889), of Sir William Parker, Bart., D.L., J.P., late of Melford Hall, Long Melford, Suffolk, who died on May 24, was proved on July 14 by Colonel Nathaniel Barnardiston, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £500, certain furniture and effects, a quarter-cask of sherry for immediate use, and fifteen dozen of bottled wines to his wife, Dame Sophia Mary Parker; £2000 and various articles, including a sword presented to his father, Admiral Hyde Parker, and a snuff-box presented by Bernadotte, King of Sweden, to his son, William Hyde Parker, who succeeds to the baronetcy and the settled family estates, with all the heirlooms, consisting of furniture, pictures, plate, and china; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his younger children who have not already been provided for.

The will (dated Oct. 8, 1881), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1890), of Lady Elizabeth Anne Georgiana Dorothy Grey, widow of Rev. the Hon. Francis Richard Grey, rector of Morpeth, Northumberland, who died on May 11, at Woolbeding, Midhurst, Sussex, was proved on July 16 by Henry Arthur Lascelles, the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000, upon trust, to pay the income to her sister, Lady Taunton, for life, and then for her niece, Mrs. Beatrice Temple, wife of the Bishop of London, for her sole and separate use independently of her husband.

The will of the Right Hon. Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, late of Littlehales, Newport, Salop, who died on April 16, at Argyle Lodge, Kensington, was proved on July 17 by the Marquis of Stafford, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1357.

The will (dated March 5, 1874), with two codicils (dated Dec. 21, 1881, and Aug. 14, 1884), of Mr. Edward Abbott Wright, late of Castle Park, Frodsham, Cheshire, has been proved by Messrs. James Collinge, John Knowles, and Lees Knowles, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £674,000. The testator gives some legacies to his daughters and others, and leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his four daughters.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1891), of Mr. James Wrigley, J.P., D.L., late of Holbeck, near Windermere, Westmoreland, who died on April 29, was proved on July 16 by Mrs. Sarah Wrigley, the widow; Miss Sarah Scholes Wrigley, the daughter; James Wrigley, the son; Alfred Grundy, and Benjamin Heape, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £277,000. The testator gives £1000 each to the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles for the Northern Counties (Lancaster), the Railway Benevolent Institution (London), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), and the Unitarian Home Missionary College; his horses and carriages, wines and consumable stores, to his wife; his residence, Holbeck, with the furniture and effects, and all his lands and hereditaments in the county of Westmoreland, to the use of his wife, for life or widowhood; £1500 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood, and an absolute power of appointment over £10,000, in the event of her continuing his widow during life; an annuity of £40 to his sister, Jane Grundy; and £10,000, upon trust, for his grandson, James Wrigley Evatt. The residue of his real and

personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, James Wrigley, and his daughters, Sarah Scholes Wrigley and Mary Ann Grundy Wrigley, share and share alike.

The will and codicil of Mr. Frederick Calvert, Q.C., D.L., J.P., F.R.G.S., formerly M.P. for Aylesbury, late of 38, Upper Grosvenor Street, who died on June 6, have just been proved by Sir Harry Verney, Bart., the brother, General Philip Smith, the nephew, and Edward Young Western, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £255,000. The testator bequeaths £2500 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the National Society, for its general purposes, and to the National Society for struggling Church Schools.

The will (dated May 31, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1890), of Mr. Charles Evers-Swindell, J.P., of the firm of Swindell and Co., Withymoor Works, late of Quarry House, Pedmore, Worcestershire, who died on June 9, was proved on July 14 by Joseph Bramah Cochrane and Edward Webb, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £213,000. The testator gives £300, upon trust, to apply the yearly income in lighting, maintaining, and repairing the lamp erected by him at the cross-roads, Pedmore, and the railing and plot of ground appertaining thereto; £200, an annuity of £500, and all his plate, books, pictures, furniture, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and indoor and outdoor effects, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Rose Evers-Swindell, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, and he wishes his trustees to arrange for her to continue to reside at Quarry House, she paying the rent for the same; his farm and lands at Wallop, with the live and dead farming stock, and £10,000 to his son, Wilfred; £3000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Margaret Jane Webb, Mrs. Helen Owen, and Miss Amy Beatrice Evers-Swindell; £2000 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Martha Jane Evers-Swindell; £10,000, upon trust, for his said son; £25,000, upon trust, for each of his said three daughters and their respective husbands and children; £25,000, upon trust, for his said daughter-in-law and her children by his late son Frederick; £25,000, upon trust, for his son-in-law Joseph Bramah Cochrane and his children by testator's late daughter Alice; £10,000, upon trust, for his granddaughters, Hilda Mabel Cochrane and Edith Maud Cochrane; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son Wilfred and his daughters Margaret Jane, Helen, and Amy Beatrice in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1887), with two codicils (dated April 11, 1888, and Oct. 4, 1890), of Captain Hugh Berners, R.N., late of Wolverstone Park, Suffolk, who died on May 7, has been proved, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £130,000.

The will (dated March 20, 1891) of the Rev. Theophilus Sidney Echallaz, late of Broughton Lodge, Surbiton, who died on May 9, was proved on June 30 by Henry Davison and Henry Echallaz, the nephews, and Clarence Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, on condition that the legacy is expended within twelve months in the equipment of three life-boats, to be each named after the donor, "Theophilus Sidney Echallaz," and to be stationed in any part of the coasts of England, Wales, or Scotland; £1000 each to the Westminster Hospital and the Middlesex Hospital; and £500 each to the Charing Cross

Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), King's College Hospital, the London Fever Hospital (Islington), the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen's Square), the London Hospital, the Surgical Aid Society, the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the United Kingdom Benevolent Association, the Free Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Royal Free Hospital, the Metropolitan Hospital, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital (Finsbury), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square), the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, University College or North London Hospital, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent Road), the Walton Convalescent Home, the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham), the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (Sackville Street), the Royal Medical Benevolent College (Soho Square), the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum (Leadenhall Street), the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, and the School for the Indigent Blind (St. George's Circus, Southwark), all free of legacy duty. He gives Broughton Lodge, and, subject to the life interest of his wife, the trust funds under his marriage settlement to his nephew Henry Davison; and legacies to his wife, relatives, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew Reginald Echallaz.

The will (dated May 11, 1887) of Miss Lucy Aked, late of St. James's Road, Halifax, who died on May 10, has been proved by James Longbottom, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her brother Robert, for life, and then for her nephews and nieces and the children of a deceased nephew.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1890) of Colonel Frederick Alfred Close, late of 22, Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Milbank Close, the widow, and Cecil Edmund Currie, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives the lease of his residence, all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, an immediate legacy of £200, and a further legacy of £5000 to his wife; £100, and £200 per annum during the life of his wife, to his son, Frederick Macdonald Close; and a complimentary legacy to his executor, Mr. Currie. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his said son, for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint.

The will (dated April 28, 1886) of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Byrnam Trappes, J.P., formerly of Clitheroe, and late of Clayton Hall, near Accrington, Lancashire, who died on April 23, has been proved at the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Helen Trappes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

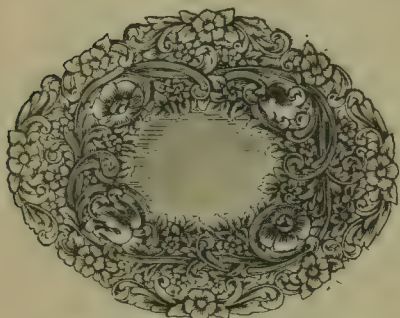
The will (dated Feb. 11, 1891) of the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard, D.C.L., Founder and Provost of St. Nicholas's College, and Canon of Manchester Cathedral, late of Henfield, Sussex, who died on April 25, was proved on June 30 by Mrs. Dorothy Louisa Woodard, the widow, Lieut.-Colonel George Herbert Woodard, the son, and Alfred John Pritchard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1096. The dispositions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

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## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I am told by the Serjeant, who is deeply versed in modern poetry, that some bard has exclaimed, "Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions about?" These words exactly describe my frame of mind. I have witnessed an unparalleled altercation between the Speaker and a member of the House. At least, as far as my astounded wits could take cognisance of the scene, this was the nature of the dispute between the Chair and Mr. Atkinson. As I have felt like a somnambulist ever since, I cannot swear that my impressions tally exactly with the facts. I see, in a sort of nightmare, an elderly and excitable gentleman hurling defiance at Mr. Peel. If I hear him aright, he accuses the Speaker of having sanctioned "a false entry" in the journals of the House. He accuses one of the Clerks at the Table of having said "Oh, Oh!" in response to a question, and he invites the House to consider whether a mere clerk is entitled to take this tone towards a representative of the people. Then he relates a fearful tale of the duplicity of Dr. Tanner. Forgetful of the rule which forbids the mention of a member by name, he accuses Dr. Tanner of having "cajoled and seduced" him into the belief that he would find a fellow-teller in a division in which the House was on one side and the member for Boston, with his ally, on the other. Dr. Tanner rose in his place when the division was challenged, but when the Speaker called upon the minority to stand up a second time, the faithless Celt remained seated, and Mr. Atkinson was left to brave the situation by himself. Then it was entered in the journals that Mr. Atkinson had "frivolously" provoked a division, though it was quite clear to his mind that the blame, if any, rested on the head of the member for Cork, who had betrayed a simple-minded Saxon. I gathered, too, still in the same dream-like fashion, that Mr. Atkinson had done all this for the sake of the timber trade. The interests of that trade were imperilled by some Bill of which the member for Boston alone perceived the glaring iniquity. The House, regardless of those interests, was bent on an unrighteous course, which Mr. Atkinson nobly strove to check. Had he been supported at the critical moment by Dr. Tanner, a great crime might have been averted, and the timber trade saved from destruction. But he was deserted and flouted, and now there is wailing and weeping amongst the cedars of Lebanon.

Then in my fantasy it seemed that the Speaker arose, and gravely charged Mr. Atkinson with having insulted the Chair. This confirmed my suspicion that the whole incident was the outcome of my distorted imagination. For was it possible that anyone would actually address the Speaker in the strain apparently employed by the member for Boston? Mr. Peel read one letter which he had received from that eccentric worthy, but there was another, he said, which was too shocking for publicity. I knew I was dreaming, for I fancied that this supposed epistle was held in front of me by one of the Clerks

at the Table, and that it invited the Speaker to a boxing entertainment on the terrace. Throughout Mr. Peel's address Mr. Atkinson indulged in excited ejaculations, the like of which have not been heard in the House of Commons since the days when Speaker Onslow was forcibly held down in his chair by rebellious Parliamentarians. I thought my nightmare was getting pretty strong when these unseemly sounds fell upon my ear, and I felt that there was a poetic justice even in dreams when the Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed his horror of Mr. Atkinson's behaviour, and moved that the offender should be suspended for the remainder of the Session. Mr. Goschen at that moment was a superlative image of indignant amazement. But other members did not appear to share his sentiments. Mr. Sexton, with a gravity far from Celtic, declared that the penalty of suspension for the remainder of the Session was too severe, and Mr. Cuninghame Graham, with a nice discrimination, suggested that Mr. Atkinson's excessive zeal for the timber trade might some day be paralleled by the sentiment of a democratic champion who was obnoxious to the majority. Possibly Mr. Graham had a presentiment of a struggle with a Clerk at the Table who should say "Oh, Oh!" to some motion for allowing the labouring classes to work one hour a month. But presently the Speaker intervened and magnanimously proposed that Mr. Atkinson should be relieved from his duties to the timber trade for only a week. And so this painful phantasmagoria passed from my vision, and I am beginning to cherish a comfortable disbelief in the very existence of Mr. Atkinson.

For how can one take literally a man who is in favour of abolishing some of the most cherished usages of the House? Mr. Atkinson, I understand, wants to shorten speeches, and to give members facilities for reading and writing during the delivery of harangues in which they take no interest. His idea of reading is to bring an armful of newspapers into the House, and to tear up those which, I suppose, contain matter obnoxious to the timber trade. Imagine a number of members engaged in this occupation, or in writing indignant missives to the Speaker, or preparing crushing retorts for the Clerks at the Table! The whole scheme is so foreign to the atmosphere in which I have been brought up that I regard Mr. Atkinson as an image of delirium caused by protracted debates in Supply. If he should reappear at the end of his week of suspension, our case will become very bad indeed, and only a prorogation will be an effectual prescription.

But, whatever may betide, the House can always count on the cheerfulness and contentment of the Home Secretary. Having observed Mr. Matthews in many aspects, I am of opinion that he is the most consummate optimist of his time. There is positively nothing wrong with the universe while the Home Secretary is engaged in discourse. Everybody who has gone to prison is enjoying his deserts. An anti-vaccinationist who will not pay a fine, or a member of the Salvation Army who disobeys the laws of Eastbourne, has the felicity of sharing the prison discipline which is meted out to pickpockets. Mr. Matthews extols this system in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Channing and the rebukes of Mr. Atherley Jones. The Home Secretary has the enviable capacity, now so rare, of taking everything as one finds it. This disposition makes him much the youngest man on the Treasury Bench. He is never ruffled like Mr. Goschen, or pained like Mr. Smith. When he is speaking, I feel that the House is free from phantasms, and a blessed sense of reality descends upon my perturbed spirit.

## NEW MUSIC.

Glancing through the latest pile of new music sent to us for review, we find nothing of very great merit among the instrumental compositions. On the other hand, there are, as usual, songs galore, the drawing-room ballad furnishing, of course, by far the greater majority. Here is a new one by Signor Tosti, entitled "Remembered still" (words by Frederic E. Weatherly), which has a simple, pleasing melody, a pretty refrain, and an easy accompaniment. An interesting composition is a song by Herbert Bedford, called "Three Shadows" (poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti), which gained the prize given by the Guildhall School of Music in October last year. It is a well-written and musicianly song, with a tender melody. A violin accompaniment *ad lib.* enhances its attractiveness. We shall certainly look forward to further efforts from this young composer, who appears to have decided talent. The songs just referred to are published by G. Ricordi and Co., from which firm we have also received "Zingaresca," an effective but unoriginal piece for pianoforte by R. Orlando Morgan.

We have from Augener and Co. a "Serenade" (words by Hood) and "Two Songs" (words by Moore), both of which are composed by Fred. W. King, and dedicated, by special permission, to Madame Patti. The "Serenade" is a high-class song for either tenor or soprano, and has an attractive melody, while the two songs "Joys of Youth now fleeting" and "Hear me but once," are short, but have much appropriate sentiment and charm. They are admirably written, and cannot fail to please.—The "Genesta Gavotte," by J. W. Ivimey, is not by any means original, but makes a taking drawing-room piece for piano.

From Boosey and Co. we have a new song, "Love were enough," by Hope Temple (words by Frederic E. Weatherly), with *obbligati* for violin and cello. This is not one of the popular young composer's happiest efforts, but it is tuneful and sentimental.—It is quite a treat to come across anything so fresh and dainty as "A Song of Flowers," by G. Henschel (words by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke). The poem suggests a graceful poetic idea, and the writer's fancy has been most happily caught by Mr. Henschel. With its sparkling melody and pretty varying accompaniment, this is a really admirable song.—Another vocal composition which should meet with approval on all sides is "When Love is kind," an old melody, arranged by "A. L." to the words by Moore. It is quaint and merry.—Baritones in search of a taking sea-song should find what they require in "Jack will not forget you," words by F. O. Bynoe, music by Frank L. Moir.

Six songs by Reginald de Koven, together with the solo numbers from the vocal score of his pretty comic opera "Maid Marian," are sent by Hopwood and Crew. Amateurs will be tolerably safe in purchasing Mr. de Koven's songs. They are all attractive, tuneful, and moderately easy. "Sleep on, my heart" (for mezzo-soprano) is a little gem of tenderness and charm, and the same words can be applied to "A Winter Lullaby." The "Gondolier's Song" has an ear-haunting refrain, which ought to make it popular; while a "Song at Evening" (words by Harry B. Smith) should also suit public taste. "Broken toys" (words by Eugene Field) is replete with quaintness and dainty tunefulness; and "An Arabian Night" is a good stirring love-song, full of deep, passionate sentiment. Mr. de Koven has also written a bright, merry polka, entitled "Harlequin," which is decidedly above the average.

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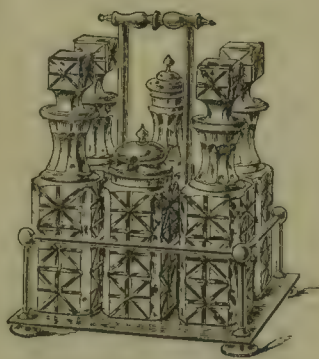
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AUG. 1, 1891

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

155



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## JOCULAR JOURNALISM.—II.

BY MASON JACKSON.

The curious mixture of jest and earnest—of flippant banter and grave discussion—which runs through the "Mercuries" and "Diurnals" of the Civil War shows that the writers believed in the efficacy of a merry jest applied to a troubled spirit. As a physician might apply a blister or let blood to relieve the physical pain of his patient, so the jocular journalist of the period strove to relieve the moral sufferings of the nation by copious doses of wit and satire, or what passed current for such. One of the "Mercuries" even assumed the name as well as the character of a physician, and under the title of *Mercurius Medicus* recommended his paper as a "sovereign Salve for these sick Times." If real events were chronicled at all, it was done in a humorous or burlesque spirit. *Mercurius Acheronticus* professed to give news from the infernal regions, while the *Laughing Mercury* boldly announced that he purveyed perfect intelligence from the Antipodes. In these efforts of the popular press to create amusement while the destinies of a nation were at stake we see reflected the same spirit that brought forth the mirth and music of the jester and the minstrel of the Middle Ages when they entertained their chieftain on his return red-handed from the sack of a city or the burning of a castle.

The years immediately succeeding the death of Charles I. were not a likely period for humorous journalism to flourish. But the irrepressible spirit of fun soon began again to show itself in the periodical press. In the second year of Cromwell's Protectorate we find *Mercurius Democritus* in full vigour, and standing forth as the distinct representative of jocular journalism in the seventeenth century. His appearance is all the more remarkable when we consider the circumstances under which he existed, but his second title, "A True and Perfect Nocturnal," would seem to suggest a solution of the mystery. It cannot be supposed that what the Puritans must have considered a sinful and ribald publication would be issued under authority, and, therefore, we must conclude that *Mercurius Democritus*, or

*A True and Perfect Nocturnal*, was done in the dark and circulated on the sly. Its second title must have been intended to indicate that it was a thing of a nocturnal nature and obnoxious to the light of day. Those who bought it would read it with the added delight that proverbially belongs to secret pleasures, and we can imagine how it must have been enjoyed by the Temple students in their dimly lighted chambers and by the dissolute wits who frequented the taverns of Alsatia. The precinct of Whitefriars, which has long been the home of *Punch*, has, doubtless, often resounded with laughter created by his prototype of the seventeenth century. Like *Punch*, *Mercurius Democritus* came out every Wednesday, but its author is unknown. Its contents were not of a quality likely to perpetuate the name of the writer, nor, indeed, were they intended to outlive the laugh that was raised by them. It aimed at nothing higher than to mystify its readers with sham intelligence, or to raise a laugh by the relation of mock marvels. In the number for Feb. 15, 1654, it is gravely stated that the last letters from Holborn Hill make mention of two old women who, being in a trance near Gray's Inn Lane, saw a blazing star about sixteen miles up in the air. It is described as being of a "terrible aspect," encircled by two half-moons, from which issued "streams of inflamed air, which dazzled the eyes of all that beheld the same, inasmuch that they that looked stedfastly on it are moone-blinde, and very lunatick ever since." Then follows an account of a "quire of mermaids," that were heard to sing "wonderful sweetly" on the same day that three tides flowed in the New River together. This is vouched for by Jack Adams, of the parish of Clerkenwell. Then two dolphins were seen dancing over the Thames with a pair of bagpipes before them; and a blind woman who went into Hyde Park to steal venison in the night affirmed that she saw at the bottom of a pond "two half-suns in one horizon," the meaning of which strange appearances "time, it is thought, will suddenly make appear." This was the sort of humour with which *Mercurius Democritus* regaled his readers. He professed to communicate "faithfully the affairs both of city and country," but many of his effusions were little better than nursery tales. In the same number above referred to there is an account of a terrible fight between 1,654,200 Greenland cuckoos and a large flock of swallows, in which fight there was only one swallow wounded in the great toe,

but it was cured by the help of the "King of Greenland's Dog-Leach"!

In the rapid increase of periodical papers after the abolition of the Press censorship in 1695 the comic and satirical form of journalism was duly represented. There were the *Whipping Post*, the *Weekly Comedy*, the *Diverting Post*, and the *Humours of a Coffee House*. There was also, at a later date, the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*. It is not recorded whether its projector followed the example of the real Foundling Hospital, and hung up a basket at his office-door for the reception of forsaken and destitute jokes. The spirit of humorous journalism is apparent in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, for the creators of Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, and Captain Sentry were humourists of the first rank. So was Henry Fielding, who figured as a humorous journalist when he edited the *Jacobite's Journal*. Early in the nineteenth century we find the jocular journalist and the graphic humourist working together. The *Satirist*, or *Monthly Mirror*, of 1808 was illustrated, and some years before the battle of Waterloo George Cruikshank was contributing coloured caricatures to the *Scourge*, or *Monthly Expositor of Imposture and Folly*. The *Scourge* was very hard on the Prince Regent and his Court and the doings of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke. Jocular journalism was also represented by Charles Lamb, who joked in the *Morning Post*; by Tom Moore, who contributed rhyming squibs to the *Morning Chronicle*; by Canning, in the *Anti-Jacobin*; and by Theodore Hook in *John Bull*. These, with the *Bon Ton Magazine* and the *Humourist*, carry us forward to the period of the French Revolution of 1830, when the *Paris Figaro* was started, and which was soon followed by *Figaro in London* and the group of comic and satirical journals which sprang into life during the Reform agitation of 1831-2.

Though the taste for humorous periodical literature had been thus far recognised, there was no independent comic paper until *Figaro in London* appeared in 1831. It was started by Gilbert d'Beckett, then quite a young man. The extraordinary popularity of the *Paris Figaro* induced him to attempt a similar periodical in London. Ten years later the successful *Paris Charivari* inspired the promoters of *Punch* with similar hopes, when *Punch*, like *Figaro*, borrowed part of its title from its Parisian prototype.

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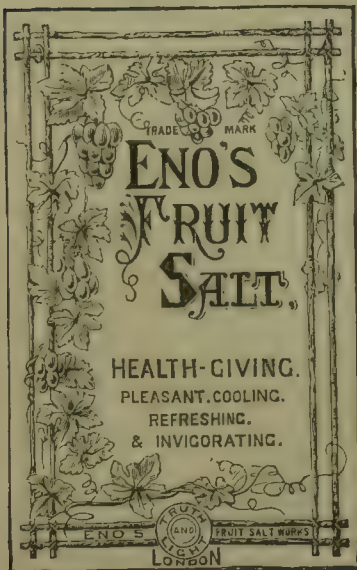
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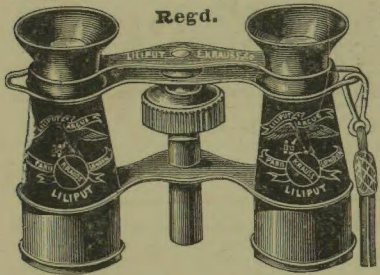
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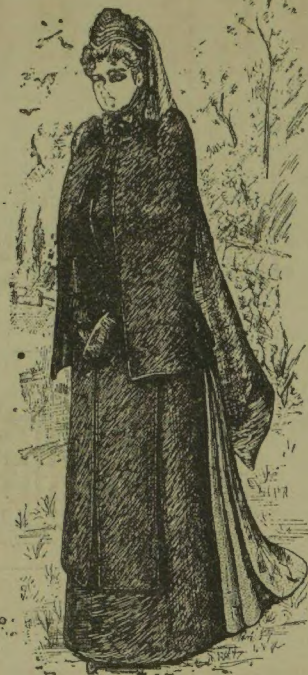
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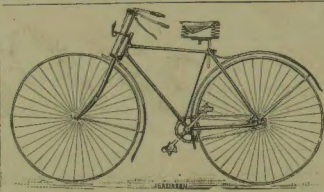
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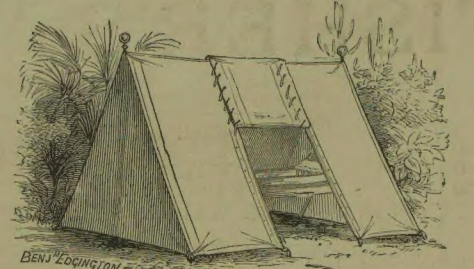
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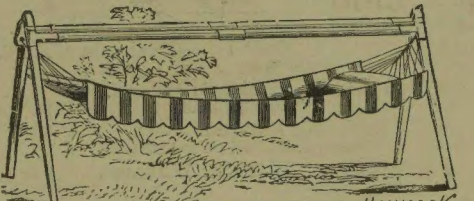
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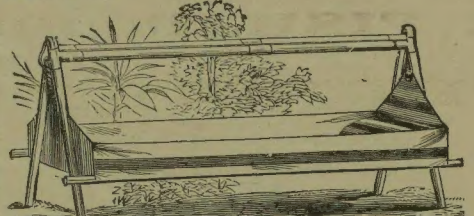


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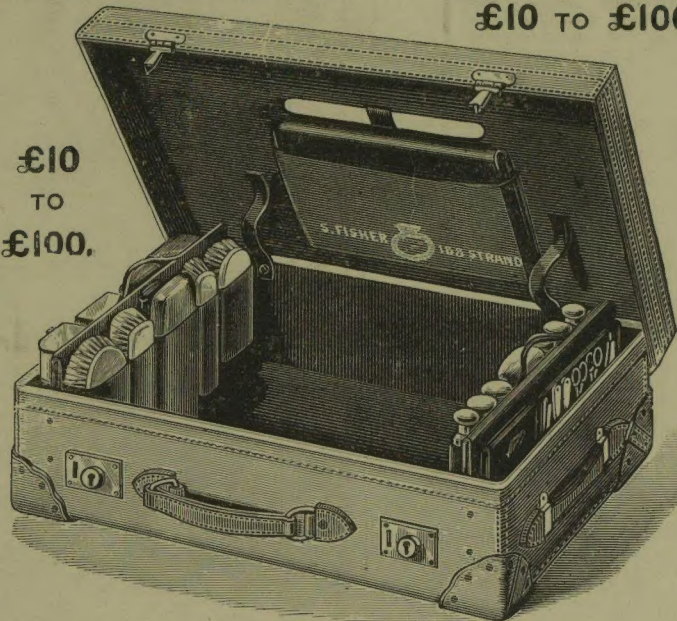
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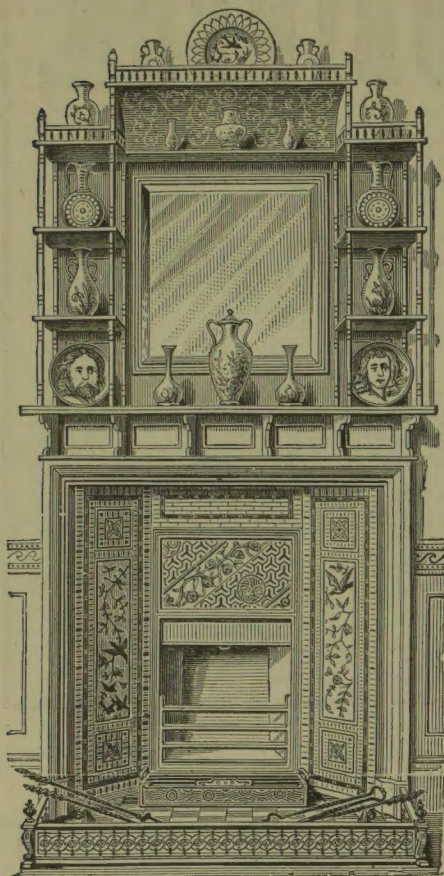
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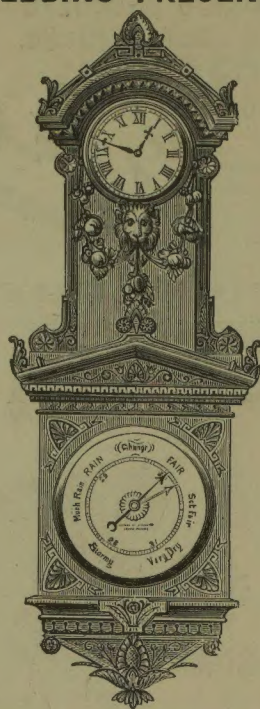
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"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

**HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE,** with Rim, amber and vulcanite stem in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel Post in United Kingdom, 6s. 6d.  
A. W. ABRAHAM, Manufacturer of High-class Pipes, 29, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham. Catalogue free.

## ED. PINAUD PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

## LILAS de FRANCE (French Lilac) BORGHETTO

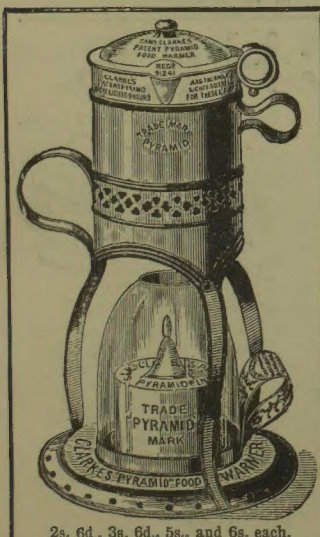
the two latest novelties, the most fragrant perfumes, in essences for the handkerchief, extra fine toilet soaps, face powder, sachets, cosmétiques, toilet-water, etc., in splendid fancy boxes; the great success of the season.

Sold by all first class perfumers  
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## FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

### CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



THE NEW  
PATENT SAFETY  
NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART  
REPRESENTS THE  
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

### CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LIGHT.

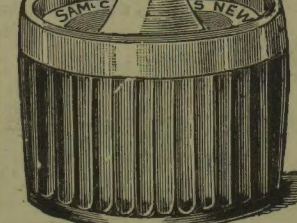
Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."  
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.  
THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST, CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY. USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

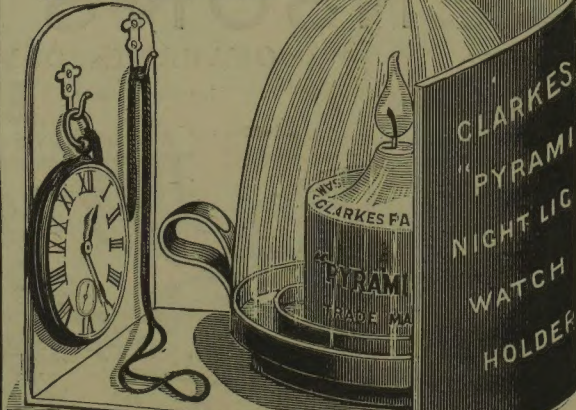
### CLARKE'S PATENT THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.



As used by Her Majesty the Queen.

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With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each. 1s. per box.

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